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Events of the Week.

THE general situation this week is dominated by the tragic muddle of the Balkans. In the Greek Chamber, on Tuesday, M. Venezelos laid down the lines upon which his policy was directed. Greece had definite obligations to Serbia, and these should be carried out even if they led to a conflict with Germany. M. Venezelos also clearly stated that he conceived it to be to the interest of Greece to side, in the last resort, with the Quadruple Entente. M. Gounaris, the ex-Premier, attacked the Cabinet, but the Premier obtained a majority of forty votes in a Chamber of 257, thirteen members not voting. In spite of this vote, which represents the mind of the true Greece, apart from the conquered territories, the King immediately sent for M. Venezelos, and informed him that "he could not pursue to the end the policy of the Cabinet," whereupon the Premier at once resigned. Logically, the King's statement means that Greece will support Serbia provided such action does not bring her into conflict with Germany. It does not argue any weakening in the anti-Bulgarian feeling of the nation. But this can hardly be reassuring to Serbia and the Powers of the Entente. If Serbia can only depend for help against Germany upon Greece, so long as this does not commit the latter to enmity against Germany, she

cannot depend upon her at all, and Greece is virtually denying her signature as soon as the bond falls due. It is not yet clear whether the King will be able to carry the country with him in this attitude.

THERE is another interpretation of the King's action which is even less satisfactory to the Allies. France and Great Britain have already landed troops at Salonika for the defence of Serbia in case of attack by Bulgaria. The Government of M. Venezelos made a formal protest against the landing, but, in announcing the fact in the Chamber, the Premier made no secret of his sympathy with the operation. It is suggested that the King's change of attitude is due to the landing of the troops. If this be so, then the Franco-British troops are in no satisfactory position. M. Zaimis, who has formed a coalition Cabinet to succeed that of M. Venezelos, may be expected to reflect his master's view, which is probably antipathetic to our advance.

APART from the political dangers of the move, the venture of sending an army—above all, an inadequate army—to this new theatre of war, is extremely risky in any case, and we hope the Cabinet have most carefully considered it. We have opened one great risk in the Dardanelles; we cannot, with Egypt to think of, lightly encounter another. A new advanced base must be formed at Salonika, and the lines of communication through Greece must be kept open. What would be the situation of an army if its base were to be cut off at a moment's notice? And this seems the most pertinent possibility upon both lines of interpretation. If Mackensen, with his force already reported in Serbia, should make headway, and the King fear to commit himself against Germany, his feeling would obviously express itself in taking over formally but really the vital Salonika section of railway. That is the obvious danger to which an Allied advance is subject, unless the Ministers of the Allies can come to some satisfactory and binding agreement with the King and M. Venezelos's successor. The British Ambassador, speaking for his three colleagues, had a long audience with the King upon Wednesday, which seems to indicate that we are at least making some show of dealing with the situation.

MEANWHILE, so closely are Balkan affairs inter-related, it seems probable that an arrangement with Greece will not be so easy to come to, since Bulgaria has now virtually declared for Germany. The step was taken, it is reported after the news of M. Venezelos's resignation had been received in Sofia. On Tuesday, the Russian Government addressed an ultimatum to Bulgaria, demanding that the Bulgarian Government should within twenty-four hours "openly break with the enemies of the Slav cause and of Russia," and send away the German and Austrian officers present in the Bulgarian Army. The Note reminded Bulgaria of her liberation by Russia, and of Russia's horror of a fratricidal attack, but it remains open to question whether the step was wise.

THE expiry of the time-limit occurred at 4 p.m. local

time (2 p.m. Greenwich mean-time), and the Bulgarian answer was presented. It was, as was only to be expected, unsatisfactory, and the Russian Minister notified M. Radoslavoff that diplomatic relations were broken off. It is understood that the French, British, and Italian Ministers associated themselves with their Russian colleague and asked for their passports. Meanwhile Rumania still makes no sign, except to maintain her veto upon the transit of German munitions to Turkey. There is some exaggeration about the importance of Bulgaria's intervention, and there is a tendency to overlook Rumania, who can put an army into the field which would be equal to that of Greece and Bulgaria combined. It would pay Russia to secure the adhesion of Rumania, even at the cost of Bessarabia; this is apart from the justice of such a gift, which is not obscure. The gravity of the situation allows no delay.

It is best, however, for the powers of the Entente to depend upon themselves. They cannot afford to leave their armies in the air, and, although it is incredible that Greece, with a country so terribly at the mercy of sea-power, should definitely side against us, it would be well to be prepared for all eventualities. Both Albania and Montenegro are countries with practically no railway system, or it would have been better to have landed at one of their ports. This would have been an admirable solution of the problem, since an advanced base could have been made at Antivari or Alessio. And with plenty of motor transport, this may still be the best way of dealing with the situation. The Turks had to cope with greater difficulties in their advance against the Suez Canal. Yet they brought across the Sinai Peninsula a force of some 12,000 men, with pontoon sections, field batteries, and two 6-inch howitzers, and what is more, took their beaten army with all its guns back again. With Italy and Serbia both interested in the opening up of northern Albania, it would be to their interest to lay a light railway to the Serbian railway system, and Italy could well undertake this work. The German engineers have probably laid some hundreds of miles of railway in the east and west, and in the west the Allies have on several occasions been compelled to lay new roads. At any rate, what Turkey can do surely the Allies can achieve, and it would be as well to have a safe exit somewhere. Further, as a French contemporary suggests, there must be no dribblets. If the expedition continues, it must be in force.

ACCORDING to the German wireless, the German and Austro-Hungarian troops have crossed the Drina, Save, and Danube in many places, and have obtained a firm foothold on the Serbian sides of these rivers. This is the method of invasion already attempted on three occasions during the war. It is obviously the first step in dealing with a country which has so long a frontier exposed to the enemy. The Serbians will presumably adopt the strategy which has proved successful before. Their main concentration is made well within the country, and the frontiers are only held with a thin covering of troops. Even on the German side, these preliminary movements are designed chiefly to feel the strength of the Serbians, and leave us still in the dark as to where the main blow will fall. But it is noteworthy that Mackensen is reported to have installed himself at Temesvar, which suggests that the main attack will fall in the quarter where it is generally expected, about or to the east of the Nish-Sofia railway. Mackensen's numbers have now been given at 400,000 men; but the estimates vary considerably. Certainly they are not all Germans. There is

probably a mere stiffening of German troops. The units of Mackensen's former army have been traced in Hindenburg's command and in Galicia, and there cannot be any considerable balance to dispose of in Serbia. Bulgaria has so far shown no sign of attacking Serbia, and, apart from that, Serbia will probably give a good account of herself.

NOTHING, however, can change the fundamental fact that the decision of the war will not take place in the East. The Balkan States will no more do Germany's work for her than they will do the Allies' work for them. If this be so, the thought of Germany skirmishing towards Baghdad or India can only be encouraging. Even if she should only send munitions thither to such an extent as the ventures would demand, this would almost be enough to turn the scale for the Allies. For this is undoubtedly a war of munitions. The fate of Russia, with some of the best fighting material in the world, shows that armies insufficiently gunned are at the mercy of an enemy well provided in this respect. The more Germany empties herself of munitions for her projected Arabian Nights' excursions, the better for the Allies, whose problem will, to that extent, be simplified in the main areas of the war. These converge upon the German Empire, upon whose soil or frontiers the decision will be made.

IN Champagne, the great offensive is laying the foundations of this decision. During the week the French have generally consolidated their new ground, and have secured the summit of the Butte de Tahure, which is not quite a mile and a-half from the Bazancourt-Grand Prê railway, and forms an important wedge in the German second line. The height and the village of Tahure were seized by assault, and an advance further west, at the Navarin Farm, at the same time gave over 1,000 prisoners into the hands of the French. The artillery bombardment has assumed a growing violence in this area, and may be the prelude to further advances. The French in the Artois also have consolidated their positions and are advancing little by little in areas of tactical importance.

THE British have not been so successful, though with one exception, the losses of points previously won are not important. But the Hohenzollern redoubt near Pit 8 was important, and the larger part of it has been retaken. It was necessary to the Allied advance that this work should be retained, though the retention, of course, could hardly be anything but most difficult. The work, to the stranger, must have represented something like a maze, and until the new occupiers had become familiar with it, there was always the danger of a surprise by the Germans, who must know it thoroughly. Still, the main part of the newly captured ground remains in our hands. British and French airmen have been very active during the week, and this is significant, and may indicate concentration for a renewal of the offensive. A number of trains have been partly wrecked by the British airmen, and the French aviators are making the German positions even more unbearable by carrying out night bombardments of the lines with the new gun planes. In a message of congratulation to Sir John French, as well as in one to M. Poincaré, the King makes it clear that he regards the successes so far gained as a prelude to greater things, a position which the more serious German military critics also take up independently. In the "Berliner Tageblatt," Major Moraht shows that he believes the initiative to be absolutely in the hands of the Allies.

ON the Eastern front the position is almost stationary,

except for small local Russian successes. The bombardment of the area immediately about Dwinsk continues, and reports speak of extraordinary activity behind the German lines to bring up heavy guns and ammunition. The fact remains that the position about Dwinsk has not changed appreciably for some weeks, and what change there has been is to the advantage of the Russians, who continue to shake out the folds in their line. In the South the Russians have fallen back a very small distance from Lutsk, and still retain Rovno and Dubno. The Russian advance has been brought to a standstill, but apparently at the expense of a deadlock upon other parts of the long line. Mackensen was nearly trapped in the Pripet section; it will be interesting to see how his successor fares in this treacherous region. There are indications that the Russians are taking the offensive in the Bukowina area. So far the operations have not been mentioned by the Russian *communiqués*, but the German papers, which speak of them, give the impression that they were conducted with great violence. All the indications seem to point to the sort of equilibrium of forces upon this front which must precede any renewed Russian offensive.

ARMENIA is clearly a founded nation. The Young Turk has deliberately sunk it. Where Abdul Hamid slew his 300,000, Enver Pasha, if the figures of Lord Bryce be accepted, has slain 800,000. The main facts of the story which Lord Cromer told to the Lords were admitted by Lord Crewe, and Lord Bryce's appalling details were merely supplementary. The whole Armenian country has been swept of inhabitants. Shiploads were deliberately drowned in the Black Sea; great droves of men and women have been transplanted to uninhabitable regions, dying by the way, the women stripped naked, and throwing away their children in despair of feeding or carrying them. Only a remnant of this intelligent and industrious nation is now left. Germany's responsibility for this crime is direct. She is admittedly indifferent; it is charged against her in the United States that some of her consuls have aided individual massacres. In her Pagan mood she dissociates herself from Christian humanity; nevertheless, she stands to-day under a load of guilt unexampled in modern history.

WHEN it occurs to them that some neutral force, which they must respect, objects to their holding the garments of the murderers of the Armenian nation, the Germans will probably try and dissociate themselves from this crime. But Count Reventlow's endorsement of it is no more than the sequel of the Kaiser's effusive tender of friendship and patronage in 1898, and his ensuing visit to Constantinople, which an ugly monument commemorates. Turkey and Germany first clasped hands over the Hamidian massacres. No other European Power could then have touched Turkey; and Germany's persistent courtship of her was the first definite act of policy which culminated in the dragonnades of last August. It will be interesting to see what the leaders of Catholic and Protestant Germany will have to say. Is this also a case in which "might makes right?"

LORD DERBY has been placed at the head of the recruiting department for the Army, and though he opens his office with the improper declaration that he goes in as the receiver of a bankrupt concern (*i.e.*, voluntarism), his practical ability and his sense of honor give him claims on public confidence. His first act has been to bring about the withdrawal of a clumsy circular issued by the War Office, ordering the personal canvassing for

immediate service of all recruitable persons of military age, whose existence has been disclosed by the pink forms, but who are unstarred—*i.e.*, not engaged in war trades. Obviously this would have meant the enlistment of a great mass of people, who would have been subject to further processes of re-shifting and handing back to civil life. The trade unions are now to be consulted, and their leaders have issued a spirited appeal for recruits at the rate of 30,000 a week. As we show elsewhere, this figure is far above the needs of the situation, even on the basis of Captain Guest's figure of a million of men to be maintained in France and Flanders.

COUNT BERNSTORFF has notified Mr. Lansing, the American Secretary of State, that Germany disavows and regrets the attack upon the "Arabic." The attack, he says, was undertaken against the instructions issued to the commander, and orders have been issued to commanders of German submarines which make a recurrence of incidents similar to that of the "Arabic" case "out of the question." He concludes with the statement: "In these circumstances my Government is prepared to pay indemnity for the American lives, which, to its deep regret, have been lost on the 'Arabic.'" It is difficult to discover in the letter any statement of principle. The act, it seems to suggest, was objected to by America, and therefore Germany, not wishing to quarrel with her, disavows it. No reason is given why the attack was against instructions, and the statement that it was seems to be independent of the fact that, according to the affidavit of the commander of the submarine, the "Arabic" was trying to ram her. So we are not much clearer whether Germany is now to abide by international law or whether, as a question of expediency, she will merely not sink "liners," whatever that term may mean.

M. BARK, the Russian Minister of Finance, has succeeded in making an agreement with the British Treasury which is similar in effect to the British loan in America. The object is to accommodate an intending purchaser and at the same time the British trader from whom he wishes to buy, by steadying the exchange. The precise method by which this is to be achieved is not yet known, but it is thought that short-term Russian Government Bills will be issued and taken up by the British banks. The extent of the Russian credits is also not yet known; but it is clearly to the interest of the Allies that such financial accommodations should be made as soon as possible, so that the finance of the Allies may be at least as highly organized as that of Germany.

HERE is an example of the French spirit. It comes from M. Godet, the translator of Houston Chamberlain:

"I have of late been fairly often in Haute Savoie, and I have found an admirable spirit, not only in the soldiers who have been sent there to finish their convalescence and those who are there for a temporary rest, but also in the civilian population of all classes. They recognize the necessity of this ordeal, and they accept it from their hearts. There are no longer any 'bad shepherds,' at least they are very few, and these exceptions (who prove the rule) are disappearing: so much so that a certain local potentate who was praising the peace recruits has had to leave—and that quickly.

"From my daughters, who have refused to take any holiday, I hear the same thing. An atmosphere of vibrant enthusiasm is around those who have suffered most, and it is a gay atmosphere, without pretence, which jests and jokes rather than admits its own heroism. Their letters remind me continually of Ronsard's line—'You can see nothing greater than our France!'"

Politics and Affairs.

THE MUDDLE IN THE BALKANS.

PUBLIC opinion is in two minds about the Balkans. In one mood our contemplative self goes out searching, probing, and questioning, across the barrier of several censorships, amid rumors and guesses and facts, to know the truth of a situation in which much is doubtful and everything is dim. In another mood a sense of the grave danger which confronts us, prompts us to action, and the group or the newspaper which suggests the boldest course seems for the moment the wisest, since it has a definite view, and promises by its strong expedients to save us. Action taken on half-knowledge may be blundering and rash, while inaction may as probably aggravate our danger. The number of facts which we do certainly know is small. Bulgaria, after a bargain with Turkey which precludes her, as we read it, from fighting on the Allied side, has mobilized and proclaimed her "armed neutrality." Why "armed"? Presumably because in certain eventualities she is prepared to attack Serbia in order to recover Macedonia. What are these eventualities? The probable guess is that they will arise when the Austro-German army across the Danube is ready to begin the process of hacking its way across Serbia to the succor of Turkey. Of the attitude of Greece we know only that M. Venezelos, who would have supported Serbia, has fallen, that King Constantine once more controls the situation, and that the leaders of the Greek Opposition, who usually speak for the Court, have advanced a strange theory to prove that the Græco-Serbian alliance has lapsed. King Ferdinand and King Constantine have been exchanging telegrams, and the Greek Army is mobilized.

As to Rumania, those who know most know nothing. Until she mobilizes, the presumption is that she means to do nothing and remain neutral. The Allies, meanwhile, have broken off diplomatic dealings with Bulgaria, and an Anglo-French force, technically violating Greek neutrality, against a protest which so far is purely formal, has landed in Salonika, and is advancing by the Vardar railway to the support of Serbia. There is one other vital detail, which if it were established, would remove all doubt. The Russian Note was based on the statement that German officers are now in command of the Bulgarian Army. Of this we have from the Bulgarian Government the most unambiguous and categorical denial. Russia would hardly have taken such strong action without good evidence. On the other hand, if as the telegrams from Salonika tell us, these officers, to the number of three or five thousand, are publicly going about and exercising their command, would any Government, however hostile, however tricky, have the audacity to deny their very existence? We lay stress on this query, because the notion that the Bulgarian Army would submit to German (or any foreign) leadership, seems to us improbable. The Bulgarians are as good soldiers as any in Europe, and one of their junior generals at the head of Russian troops beat the Austrians in Galicia again and

again. They are a proud race, as jealous of their political independence as they are of their military renown. King Ferdinand is an astute person. He is apparently braving the Russophil sentiment of a great section of his subjects, and the desire for peace of another large section. Would he further have risked affronting his army before the campaign had begun, by setting foreigners over his tried and experienced officers? If any British or French diplomatist has himself seen these German officers, the question is settled. But there are other possibilities—that the officers were on their way to Turkey, or that they existed only in the heated imagination of a hostile Balkan witness.

If we allow some place for doubt, the known facts are none the less serious. We repeat that the bargain with Turkey seems to us to dispose of all hope that Bulgaria may, in any circumstances, fight on our side. We must bitterly regret this decision, but it does not yet mean that Bulgaria will fight against us. An armed neutrality commonly implies a disposition to negotiate further. We may dismiss the idea that Bulgaria (or any Balkan State) will be guided ultimately by sentimental preferences for any of the belligerents. Sentiment counts for something, and, so far as it counts, it tells, even in Bulgaria, for our side. But the real decision depends, first on our offers, and then on our ability to make them good. If the Bulgarian Staff has come to the conclusion that the German Powers are winning, our diplomacy is handicapped from the start, and if the Greek and Rumanian Staffs are of the same mind, we can hope for no new friends. One thing only was in our power, and that was to make our offer as good as it could fairly be made. We have staunch friends in Bulgaria, some Liberals attached to the Western Powers, some Russophiles, and many in both camps who view King Ferdinand's autocratic scheming with alarm. Unhappily, these friends, who have spoken boldly, and risked their own necks and fortunes by telling the King to his face that he was embarking on a "premeditated crime," are not satisfied even yet with our offer. It came very late. It said, on our behalf, that we would give the whole "uncontested" zone of Macedonia in return for Bulgarian support. But Serbia, to the last, made reserves about some important regions (Ochrida and Pirlap). We offered, indeed, a guarantee by promising to occupy some Macedonian districts ourselves (Islip and Kotchana), but these lie to the east of the Vardar, and are not the doubtful districts which Serbia has reserved. The situation was, of course, a very difficult one, for we have had to carry Serbia with us. But when we recollect that the Bulgarian Opposition has to argue against a very clever and autocratic King, against the natural anti-Serbian feeling of the country, and against the evidences of Germany's present military success, it is unfortunate that we were unable to equip them with an absolutely convincing case. Negotiations have been broken off, but conversations may still be possible. The offer might very easily be improved. It is worth while making a good offer, a high bid, not merely for active support, but for benevolent neutrality.

It may be vain, however, to speculate whether our diplomacy might have done better, or might even now do something. The probability is that King Ferdinand,

partly because he has a long-standing feud with the Russian Court, partly because he believes in German military success, and partly because Germany has made him the larger offer, has resolved to go to war, and will presently attack Serbia. No British party desires a violent intervention in the Balkans. Probably nine out of ten of our politicians would like to see Bulgaria satisfied, for the territory she claims is hers by right of nationality, the principle which so largely sustains our arms. We have to weigh against this the hard facts of the situation, that this world war is a single whole, that we have obligations to our Allies, that the fate of all our Turkish campaigns in Egypt and Mesopotamia, as well as in Gallipoli, hangs on the decision on Serbian soil, and finally that gallant little Serbia can look for no help save what we can send up the Vardar valley. The strong course is to act promptly and strike hard—above all, with enough men. If Serbia stands alone without Greek aid, between the German and Bulgarian armies, she must be heavily outnumbered. The disparity may not be less than 200,000 men, and if we intervene at all, it is of little use to send fewer men than this. The human wastage will be great, the call on our reserves heavy, and the problem of supply over the Vardar railway (a single line) exceedingly difficult. Anything may happen in Greece. M. Venezelos may triumph. But it is also possible that King Constantine may hold his own. In that case can we be sure that he will resist German incitements to pass beyond a friendly protest against our use of Salonika? Apart from the military risk of having a hostile State at our base, there is the moral and political objection of anything like a forcible violation, against real protest and opposition, of Greek neutrality. We must look carefully into military action which might eventually compel us, for the safety of our own Armies, to take a wrong political course.

We can decide this thorny question only if we are clear about the objects which we pursue in this war. There is much which we might do, if we were omnipotent. The whole world would stand a certain amount of reconstruction, from Belgium at our doors to distant China. Our resources, however, are restricted. There is some time limit even to our financial endurance, and a still more obvious limit of our reserves of men. In such a position we must ask ourselves to whom do we owe the clearer obligation? Our sole tie of treaty was with Belgium. Our tie of sentiment and affection was and is with France. We have not yet recovered a square mile of Belgian soil; we have even lost some part of the fragment which we held. Our part in recovering the occupied portions of France, very gallant, very splendid, very hopeful as it is, is still a limited one. Can we afford, while our record in this field stands as it does, while our prospect depends on the utilization of every man and every shell at our disposal, to launch into fresh enterprises in the Balkans? Are we so strong in Flanders and France that we can lightly throw our hundreds of thousands into Macedonia? Our military position is a matter neither for despondency nor for wild hopes. But will it bear the indefinite multiplication of overseas expeditions—Salonika, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia?

THE NEW PHASE.

SEVERAL different factors unite at this moment to reduce people to a state in which their senses and sensibilities are uppermost and their reason is in abeyance. A section of the Press is still using every endeavor to depress the public. It matters not what its ulterior motive may be; the fact is plain. We know that the Censor is still delaying and suppressing news, and to normally rational people this seems a much more ominous thing than it is. We are in the dark as to the number of those who have joined the colors and the number yet required, so that we become the sport of the tyro in military mathematics and the prey of those who having become slaves of a theory would bend others to its thralldom. We know very little of what is happening in the Balkans; but the significance of events seems daily to wear a more distracting color. We have seen the German armies marching through Galicia and Poland, and are, hence, antecedently disposed to credit any further excursions they may contemplate, whether to Baghdad or Bombay.

Under the influence of such an atmosphere it is natural that people should tend to look upon the offensive in the West with a hope which has lost all trace of calmness and has become almost frenzied. What they want is, to put it bluntly, acres. The French may boast of having broken the German steel wall; but if they are still in approximately the same position as before, what is the use of it? When Mackensen broke the Russian lines in the Dunajec it was hardly a fortnight before his guns lay before Przemyśl. This position represents a temper, or rather a temperament, which requires consideration. As we have suggested, it is a mood which a section of the Press is doing its best to make more prevalent. We can best meet it by first examining the facts and then passing to their significance. At the outset, of course, it must be pointed out that there is absolutely no comparison between the Russian stand upon the Dunajec and the German resistance in Champagne and the Artois. The Dunajec lines were not to be compared with those in France for strength, and there were no alternative positions in the rear. The Russians were so outgunned as to be almost defenceless. The Allies have only a small superiority in guns over the Germans. The German trench system in France is everywhere supported by small highly-fortified works, carefully inconspicuous, so that even if the line of entrenchments should fall the defensive system merely changes into a number of detached sieges of the small fortresses. In such actions, short of artillery attention, there is a large premium upon the defenders. There is, then, no parity between the German problem on the Dunajec and the French problem in Champagne. Yet the Allies have unquestionably broken through the first German defensive line for a distance of over twenty-six miles, and through the second also for perhaps ten miles, in addition to which they have, in the main area, seized valuable points in the second line. So far as we can be sure of anything about the war we are sure of that. The Allied losses have been heavy, though when the German *communiqué* puts them down at 190,000 to their own 40,000 this has a significance which will not be lost upon any reflective mind. When 25,000 unwounded German prisoners were taken,

it is simply ludicrous to put down the total casualties as merely 15,000 more. If we admit that upon the whole action the losses were fairly equal and about 120,000, we are then left with a very substantial balance on the Allied side, even in the matter of numbers, since the German military critics admit our numerical superiority on this front.

But the Allied advance has been small measured in miles, and it has not been pressed to an appreciable linear extent. That is the burden of complaint. In one place there has even been a local reverse. That this should form the matter of complaint is, in the circumstances, intelligible but unreasonable, for it ignores the nature of the course which an attack must follow upon highly defended lines. The real blow upon such lines depends upon an overwhelming and sustained battering by artillery. The function of the infantry is to make good the success of the artillery, and this is easier or the reverse in proportion as the battering has been thorough or not. But as soon as the infantry advances the artillery must cease. It cannot be trained upon the second line, since the advancing soldiers will probably be struggling there; neither can the infantry be expected to carry a second defensive line which is intact. Once this is appreciated, it can be seen that an attack upon lines such as those in France must follow a course somewhat as follows: An intensive bombardment prepares the first line for the assault of the infantry, which is duly carried out and pressed up to the second line. The struggle at points will take place, perhaps, on this second line, and hence the artillery could not prepare for another advance for some little time. Meanwhile the local and perhaps general reserves have been thrown into the *melée*, and the advancing troops and light artillery must deal with them. While this is in process, the heavy guns for the preparation of further advances are being laboriously drawn up to new positions under cover of darkness. Here they must be carefully placed, concealed, and ranged. Further, for the intensive bombardment of the second line there must be a large accumulation of ammunition for the heavy guns. All this is a laborious process, since from the very nature of things all the communications with the advanced troops have been put into a fluid state, and the ground at the best must show a certain confusion.

The attack upon highly fortified lines must then be a process in which there seems to be delays just when one is approaching vital successes. And it must be realized that these lines are not infinite in number. It is said that there is no third line in Champagne. This can hardly be true at present. The Germans have probably looked ahead and prepared for all eventualities. But it is difficult to see how any advance past the second line can be pressed without necessitating a readjustment of the German lines over a large area. That is another point which must be realized. Not only is the number of lines to be forced strictly limited; the extent over which they must be forced need not be great. If the breach in the Champagne defences is pressed some distance further, not only Champagne will be effected. Compiègne will feel the effect. Meanwhile, there is another point which it is necessary to bear in mind.

These attacks are like fevers. Not only is there crisis in which one takes a radical turn for better or worse. There is also lysis in which after the crisis the patient daily rebuilds his life by inches. The Champagne attack has passed the crisis, and is now in the stage of lysis. There are daily small gains and readjustments which establish the successes won in the critical advance on September 25th.

There is one exception to this, and it is of some importance. The greater part of the important work known as the Hohenzollern redoubt has been recaptured. It lies at a point from which it directly threatened the German position at La Bassée, and the smallest intuition would have known that strong counter-attacks would be made in that region. That they have so far proved successful seems to argue some defect of command, and it means that the redoubt must be bought over again. This is a sort of thing which has happened more than once on the British battle-front. In May, when the advance had to be recalled from the suburbs of Lille, the reason was that a section of the front to the south had not been reduced, and the "Times" military correspondent deduced the defective supply of shells. But the northern section of the line was broken down, and unless British staff work ceases as soon as an advance takes place, the unbroken section could have been taken in flank and rear. This is leadership, not shells. Otherwise, one might argue that because the *whole* line does not advance, the front can never be broken—an absurd position. It is not very encouraging to think these defects exist, and it is to be hoped they are examined into upon each occasion. But they do not in any way alter the fact that so far only the first phase has passed, and, upon the whole, it has been a triumphant success. Major Moraht, in the "Berliner Tageblatt," warns his readers that the concentration of men and material on the Allied front is so great that the offensive has certainly not reached its conclusion, and that they cannot speak of having shattered it. For those who need it, this statement from an enemy critic may serve to reassure them that the advance is proceeding normally, and as yet is only at the beginning.

OUR HOUSE IN ORDER.

THE country is out to win this war, in conjunction with its Allies. How is this object to be achieved? Various answers are given to this question. The commonest moves after this fashion. "We must have and maintain a stock of war material superior to that of the enemy, and we must place that material in the hands of larger bodies of men, until we have brought the opposing strength to a standstill, and worn it down." This is the theory of attrition, the theory which, in a sense, may be said to have determined all great and prolonged wars. In thus stating it, we think, with some justice, that we announce the fate of the Austro-German alliance, unless indeed to that combination were added a fresh and large infusion of force. But here, it is argued, we may also fall into error. Success in war is not determined by material factors alone. A greatly

superior quality of intelligence in the German command, enabling them to substitute mechanical for numerical strength, or to secure crushing military decisions in the field, would gravely affect this calculation. Again, the optimist bids us be of good cheer. The second element, he assures us, we may already exclude. The Germans can attain to no such decisions as time goes on. The first element is also subject to qualifications. So far as the German science of war is the best in Europe, it is becoming the common property of all the belligerent nations, and it is probable that the genius of the French has already surpassed its best combinations and deadliest contrivances. The German organization has been so severely tried, notably in the Russian campaign, that its finer edges are wearing away. Its faculty of offence has disappeared on one front and is visibly weakening on the other. Germany has got her second wind, but it will not carry her anything like as far as her first. She has reached the summit of her power, and its decline has already well begun.

We believe these calculations to be generally sound. But before we accept them as they stand, we ought to examine for ourselves the full availability of the superior material strength on which we rely. Does Germany's use of her strength enable it to go farther than ours, and thus to postpone or even to evade altogether the victory on which we count? We may leave France and Russia out of account. The French military machine is probably as near perfection as it can be; and Russia's methods are her own. But for us rigorous self-examination is the more necessary inasmuch as many of us are inclined to give wrong replies to the questions it suggests. The conscriptionist, for example, thinks in numbers alone. He ignores quality and training (as to which his theory either helps us not at all or hinders us) and the problem of officers and material—i.e., all the outstanding military difficulties in our conduct of the war. Even in numbers he errs. He imagines a great untapped reservoir of soldiers; and lets it play on his imagination so freely that we find even a careful critic like the "Manchester Guardian" suggesting that of a possible recruitable body of four million men (the figure itself is a wild speculation) only 25 per cent. need be deducted for physical unfitness. This is to ignore the fact that these four millions include the rejected of the armies now in the field, and that therefore 50 per cent. would be nearer the subtracting mark than 25. But the graver error of the conscriptionist is not so much material as spiritual. The real force of the British intervention is its unity and spontaneity, and its value to the Allies depends on its varied character, that is to say its distribution among industry, arms, and financial aid. The second of these advantages the conscriptionist does not consider at all; the first he would dissipate in an hour. But his greatest danger is his indifference to the brains of the war. We are bound to say that in this he does not stand alone. The nation as a whole is strangely oblivious of the evidence of thoughtlessness in the management and replenishment of our armies. Take the last War Office Circular on recruiting, which, we are glad to see, has been withdrawn as a consequence of Lord Derby's appointment as director of the whole machinery.

At this moment Lord Lansdowne's Committee is engaged in sorting out the numbers of citizens still eligible as soldiers, as they are graded by the returns under the Registration Act. The evidence could have been equally well obtained under the last census, or with the aid of a couple of Government departments; but let that pass. In the midst of this investigation the War Office intervenes with a clumsy order to its recruiting officers, urging them to take "whatever steps you consider most effective" to induce all "non-starred" men within the eligible ages "to at once join the army." The "unstarred" men are presumably those not engaged in war trades. Observe the looseness of the procedure. No method of approach to recruits is set forth or even suggested. No distinction is made between the higher and lower range of ages, or between married and unmarried men, and no allowance is made for the retaining of enough labor in the export trades to keep up as much commerce as is necessary for the sustenance of the nation. Apparently no account is taken of the Lansdowne researches. How could any system be maintained in this haphazard fashion? What is the value of shovelling into armies a mass of men who must be subject to further processes of sifting? Is this the "last trial" which voluntarism is to be given before decapitation at the hands of Lord Curzon and Mr. Churchill?

If, therefore, we are thus to muddle our military system, no form which that system takes, voluntary or conscriptionist, will yield us its proper degree of power. But it is the conscriptionist whose theory-hunting stops the whole process of setting our house in order. He is for hunting up men who, on his own theory, don't want to fight. But he shows little or no interest in the economy of the lives of those who do. We approach here a delicate topic, which must be handled with discretion, but it is not possible to ignore the fact, written over many letters and messages from regimental officers at the front, that the conduct of the campaign shows lack of experience in the handling of our armies by the Staff. Those armies outnumber by ten to one the forces in the conduct of which, in frontier or purely Imperial wars, all our previous knowledge of war-making was gained. The main quality of these armies is beyond reproach. The men are splendid. The regimental officers are singularly devoted, brave to a fault, and good up to the utmost point of their training. But the judgment of these officers is that more than one engagement has entailed heavy and needless losses, and that these losses are due to the want, not of shells, but of adequate preparation. Thus a regiment or a brigade finds formidable obstacles in its front. It asks for their preliminary removal by artillery. The request is ignored, the force advances, and in a few minutes is dreadfully cut up from the point of occupation to which the attention of the staff had been repeatedly directed. Or a success is half-achieved. The artillery has done its work, but the pouring in of reserves—the decisive stroke of the hammer—does not come at all, or comes too late, the staff work apparently stopping at the moment when it should be most unrelenting. This has been the tale of more than

one of our commanders' despatches. The defect may be due to the absence of thoroughness and intellectual zeal in our Army, in the educational system from which it springs, and in the life of the gallant but not always strenuous young men, belonging to the rich and aristocratic classes, on whom has suddenly been thrown a task requiring unremitting care as well as high imaginative and calculating qualities. We were bound to discover this want; and we are bound, too, if we value our place in the world, to try and remedy it. But it is mere slovenliness of mind to pass it by and run instead into a change of system, incapable in itself of supplying one of the capital needs of the Army. We cannot, by taking thought, add to the number of really possible and practical soldiers which these islands can supply, and we shall ignore, at our peril, our non-military commitments in this war. But, with courage and self-knowledge, by throwing aside the pitiful and degrading fear of the truth which our censorship reveals, we can begin to strengthen the true weakness of our military system, and of the character that directs it.

A MINUS ARMY!

By this time Captain Guest has probably realized that his conscription balance-sheet contains a gross percentage of error. One of the more obvious implications of his error has already been pointed out. The wastage in the German Army would have been 5,100,000 at the beginning of the month, and there would be an additional 4,800,000 in a year's time. The total, 9,900,000, is some 1,300,000 more than the estimated maximum German strength available. It is probable Captain Guest would agree that from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the wounded return to the front after three months. Mr. Asquith has stated that for this war 60 per cent. of the wounded return, whereas the smaller figure was generally considered approximately correct before. On the basis of 50 per cent. returning at the end of three months, the net wastage of the German Army to date would be 3,600,000, and in a year's time 6,500,000. If 60 per cent. return in the same time, the figures would be 3,300,000 and 5,900,000 respectively. Surely no conscriptionist can have faced these figures, since they reduce the German Army at present to a maximum of 5,200,000, and in a year's time to a maximum of 2,600,000, practically all of whom were untrained at the commencement of the war. If in a year's time Russia and France have only to account for 2,600,000 Germans between them, it is very difficult indeed to understand why the conscriptionists are agitating themselves so much. And it must be remembered that we are making Captain Guest a handsome present of this army of 2,600,000 Germans; according to his calculations, Russia, France, and Great Britain will be fighting a year hence an army of -1,300,000.

But there are much more vital implications in his error. He estimated that it would be necessary for us to keep in the field 70 divisions—1,400,000 men. He assumes that 1,700,000 will be required to supply the normal wastage, and he cuts down the Prime Minister's

3,000,000 to 2,450,000 in this way. He allows 250,000 to include those who have been killed or disabled for the purposes of the war, and then he adds another 150,000 for those who will play "a very small part during the remainder of the war." These estimates require examination. On the assumption that 20 per cent. of those hit are killed, and that 50 per cent. of the wounded are disabled for the purposes of the war, Captain Guest's 250,000 represents 60 per cent. of those hit. The total casualties—ignoring prisoners—would be approximately 416,666. But he deducts 400,000 from the effective numbers, and hence he only allows for the return to the effective strength of about 5 per cent. This is a most startling figure, and anyone can appreciate the effect upon the question of conscription by remembering that, on the assumption that eight times that percentage returns, we can only make the German army at the end of another year 2,600,000. If Captain Guest's figure is to be taken, then, once more, he is appealing for conscription to fight a minus army. If we are not to allow him to commit suicide in this way, then 250,000 is about all we should deduct. He also deducts 7 per cent. for recruits dismissed as physically unfit. By means of these manipulations he reduces 3,000,000 to 2,450,000. We have given reasons for suggesting that common-sense and arithmetic should make this figure 2,540,000. On the assumption that we require 3,600,000, Captain Guest makes a deficit of 1,100,000. He is willing to allow 200,000 for Colonial contingents, and thus he arrives at 900,000, and he calculates that this will require a recruitment of over 20,000 a week. It would not, of course. But he had set out thinking of a necessary recruitment of 25,000 a week, and he is loth to let it down below 20,000.

But all this, as we have pointed out, is utterly untrustworthy. It makes the German Army already in desperate straits, and it would wipe it completely out of existence some time before another year had run its course. If we allow for a constant return after three months of 50 per cent. of those wounded, we must deduct from the 900,000 deficit 504,000; if we allow for the return of 60 per cent. of those wounded, then we must deduct 672,000. So that on this showing, even if all other steps of the argument be admitted—and once more and finally, it is only upon this assumption there will be a German army to fight at all in a year's time—we must recruit in the next year between 396,000 and 228,000, that is to say, between 5,000 and 8,000 per week, approximately. It does not seem an impossible feat to attain these numbers, and we should have the satisfaction of knowing that they are probably numbers within our competence to supply without serious detriment to the other vital functions we are called upon to fulfil in the war. Captain Guest's attempt at statesmanship is, therefore, really most helpful. It was his purpose to magnify our task. In effect there is a danger that he should be considered to have belittled it too much. Either there is no considerable German army to fight, or our weekly recruitment need not go beyond 8,000. In any case, the figure of 30,000 recruits a week now asked for by the labor leaders is almost wildly in excess of the need.

A London Diary.

WHAT a welter these Balkan policies have been! An early attempt to satisfy Bulgaria, first, it is said, opposed by Russia and then assented to by her, a half-successful endeavor to move Serbia, which the wise Pasitch and the wise Venezelos would have forwarded if their military parties had let them. An excellent suggestion—which may just conceivably bear late fruit—of an Allied occupation of Macedonia, to be held for settlement till after the war. A Bulgarian demand for guarantees, never quite met, it seems. A perpetual shifting of forces to and fro, ending with the sinister Bulgarian withdrawal and silence, our approaches unanswered, amid the weaving of a network of obligations to Turkey and Germany. Meanwhile, the Bulgarian people, really divided—the peasants with us and, more or less, with Russia, the most honest Bulgarian politicians, such as Gueshoff, of the same mind, the King withal confident of his power to break all politicians who oppose his will. A strong anti-German military party, with the ablest generals, Savoff, Ivanoff (the hero of Adrianople), Dimitrieff, hating the German entanglement and refusing to serve with German officers. No complaints of our honesty, but many of our tardiness and our failure to bring in Serbia for Serbia's good. Always a small possibility of the one great boon the success of the Entente would have brought with it—the re-knitting of the Balkan League. And without that consummation, chaos come again!

BULGARIAN sentiment is, I think, a good deal perturbed. The average Bulgarian admits that his country's policy has been a vacillating business, and has never come to a point with the Allies. But he pleads that in this all the Balkan States are alike. "Only," he thinks, "pawns as we are, we are the biggest pawn in the game, and a pawn may checkmate a king." The German intrigue is admitted, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, who was recently in Sofia, was probably one of its executants. The Russophil party made its appeal to save the country from being thrown into German arms, but the one paper in which it appeared was seized by the police, in spite of the fact that two great Bulgarian generals, Savoff and Ivanoff, signed it. But it has had little effect. The Government goes on, the King is not shaken.

THE censorship grows more and more maddening, and I can quite believe the statement of the "Daily News" that it lately cut out the words "and the kings" from Kipling's famous line, "The captains and the kings depart." I suppose it rather rejoices in the fact that by alternately forbidding and allowing the average editor to speak on the same subject, and in sub-editing his "copy" after the form of the "Little Peddlington Gazette," it has reduced his mind to the consistency of pap. It is terrible to see the nation shrinking to mindlessness, its criticism to furtive sniping, its grasp of the war enfeebled by suppression and false coloring. What, for example, is the situation on the British front in France? How much of the first of Sir John French's despatches

now stands? Clearly we have not got Hulluch. Have we got the quarries? I am afraid not. Have we the critical Hill 70? It was taken after one of the most tremendous struggles of the war. One new regiment I know of belonging to the Kitchener Armies, which had never seen action, lost half its strength in the attack, to which it moved, in the words of one of its officers, as "if on parade." One hopes, without knowing, that these splendid qualities have been rewarded. But the most serious fault of the censorship is the obvious way in which it shrinks from unpleasant truth, regardless of its tonic effect. To my mind, among all these offences the worst is the mutilation of Mr. Buchan's description of the quality of the German fighting, as if it were a bad thing for the nation to know the kind of foe it was up against. By such means the *moral* of the people is directly struck at. I wonder whether our public men ever read the lash that our best and ablest friends in the States, for example, lay on the back of this moral cowardice?

POOR Mr. Robartes! He will be missed in the House of Commons, though he never took it very seriously. He belonged to an age when Whigs and Tories sent their eldest sons into Parliament as regularly as they sent them to Eton and Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge. Probably he enjoyed the House all the more for being thus—with a group of similar happy spirits—isolated and apart. Sitting below the gangway exquisite and content, amid miners and miscellanea of Liberal Labor members from industrial constituencies—determined and serious men—he would contemplate with infinite humor the groups of eldest sons of peers and great landowners opposite. Occasionally, when he felt in the mood, he would disturb their eloquence with interrogation or courteous interruption. Politics interested him as a game, and when he felt inclined to have a hand in it, he would "play up" for his own side.

A POPULAR Liberal member for an industrial constituency in the North of England was asked the other day who was the most popular man now in England. He said he thought Asquith. Kitchener was not exactly popular; he was regarded as "an authority." Then he was asked what the employers and merchants in the neighborhood thought about conscription. He said they were practically all against it; but would submit to it reluctantly if it were proposed by Mr. Asquith and Lord Kitchener. Another person whose opinion would have great weight was Sir Edward Grey. It could not be carried without his consent. The working classes, he said, were entirely against conscription; nothing would reconcile them to it.

A REFERENCE was made the other day to Mr. Ford's great motor car works in Detroit. A feature of these works is a platform some 300 or 400 yards long. To this is brought all the component parts of a car. They are fitted together, with the utmost celerity, till at the end of the platform the completed vehicle is driven away within a few minutes of the arrival of the bones and nerves and sinews of its skeleton.

A WAYFARER.

THE NEW EUROPE.

VIII.—ANARCHY AND INTERNATIONALISM.—II.

In the last article we drew a contrast between the sovereign national states that are the political flower of modern civilization, and the more rudimentary communities which fall below that standard. In discussing the relations between the two, we found ourselves in face of an apparent dilemma. "*Laissez-faire*" is impossible, "partition" disastrous. A third possibility, however, may yet release us from our quandary, for a clue to the future is often latent in the past, and the international problems of the European Powers may find a solution in the federal experience of the United States.

When Great Britain recognized the independence of her American colonies, she left thirteen sovereign states on the Atlantic seaboard, related to one another by no bond but their common origin from the country whose allegiance they had repudiated in the war, and the military co-operation to which they had severally lent themselves for this limited end. They had no tradition to draw them together, no uniformity of economic environment or social evolution, while between each and all of them there were the most formidable conflicts of territorial interest. Their boundaries might be definite enough along the narrow strip of effectively occupied littoral, but each had been endowed by its charter of foundation with a zone of hinterland extending quite indefinitely across the continent to a presumable termination on the Pacific coast; and these unreclaimed state domains, many hundredfold greater in area than the settled territory of each state, and stored with incalculable natural resources, overlapped and intersected one another in reckless contradiction. Here was occasion, indeed, for internecine strife. The material gains that would accrue to each state by the complete vindication of its western claims might have seemed worth purchasing at any cost, and if the North American commonwealths had followed the colonial tradition of Europe, or anticipated the spirit of the Spanish-American republics, they would each have pushed forward their own settlers, their own military roads, their own fortresses, into the disputed regions, and fought such bitter and such indecisive wars for their possession, that the opening up of the West, instead of creating a new English-speaking world, would have exhausted the vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race on the American Continent, and perhaps even have shaken its hold on the districts it already occupied at the moment of asserting its independence from the British Crown.

But the liberated states did not take advantage of their freedom to plunge into this disastrous course. They submitted their individual sovereignty to a federal organ, and invested this authority with real responsibility and real power, by a mutual agreement to resign in its favor all individual claims upon territories in the West. In these vast regions, unreclaimed and unappropriated, the Federal Government assumed the office of a common trustee for all the states in the Union. It regulated without partiality the influx of settlers from every state and from the outside world. It protected the natives against the tide of migration. It provided security for the more complex economic interests—railways and

mines, ranches and cotton plantations—that followed the pioneer. And it organized for all these elements a political administration at a phase when they were far too inchoate to provide it for themselves. Thus it developed each territory in the interests of no individual state, but of the Union as a whole, and it did not "exploit" the nascent community, even in the common interest of this privileged ring of original members. The federal tutelage was essentially transitory, and as soon as a territory had given proof that the "will and capacity to co-operate" had really arisen among its inhabitants, the Federal administrators tactfully retired, the territory organized itself as a self-governing commonwealth, and the new state was admitted to full membership in the Union.

This concept of a "Federal Territory" has been the United States' greatest contribution to political thought, and the secret of their own political prosperity. It made possible their marvellous expansion in the nineteenth century, and averted irreparable disaster during the crisis of their Civil War. It is valuable for the realism with which it takes simultaneous account of the ephemeral fact of inequality and the eternal process of growth; and for the current problems of China, Persia, and the Ottoman Empire, there is no more fruitful precedent. If the problem of inorganic territories on the North American Continent could be solved only by a Federal Union among the organic states, the same problem, in its world-wide extent, demands the uncompromising abandonment of both "Partition" and "*Laissez-faire*," and the establishment on the part of Sovereign National States of some concrete, permanent, and all-representative organ of international authority over the more backward countries that have still to "find themselves."

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Life and Letters.

KING FERDINAND.

THERE are only two living Kings of Europe whom the pencil of the satirist has made familiar to their contemporaries. One is the Kaiser, and the other is Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It would be difficult to find on the summits of the same world two more sharply contrasted characters, but they have something in common, and this it is which has endeared them to the caricaturists. They are in an age of constitutions and democracies, governed and shaped, as it is, by impersonal tendencies and anonymous economic forces, the only two Kings whose personality counts in the balances of destiny. Their wills, their intelligence, the intimate dreams of their secret imaginations, must be numbered with the armies, the banks, and the theories, among the forces that shape our age. They are self-moving figures on a stage crowded with automata and machines, and nature, whether to warn us or to seduce us, has set upon them both the outward signs of personality. Stripped of their crowns and their orders, and dressed in shabby mufti, they would both stand out in any crowd. The Ferdinand of the caricatures is a sinister figure, a human bird of prey, and there is something formidable in his aquiline nose and piercing blue eyes. But when he intends to please, the total impression is decidedly attractive. The

strong face and the big frame are handsome. His play of expression can be humorous and winning. He will assume in a long interview a manner that is half-confidential, half-fatherly, and altogether flattering. The evident art of the man in talking may be theatrical, but it is accomplished. He talks well, and very indiscreetly, lifting all the while the veil of State secrets, giving full vent to his angers and dislikes, and pointing allusively to the dangers and mysteries of the past. He is, moreover, when he really lets himself go in his mother-tongue, which is French, a skilful phrasemaker and a graphic artist in words. He has the secret of the social egoist; he reveals himself without apparent reserve, and the appeal to the goodwill of the listener is so frank, so naïve, that it seems churlish to refuse the sympathy for which he craves. Does he really desire sympathy, or is it only that he realizes that to seek sympathy is a subtle form of flattery? It would be hard to say; but the fact probably is that he is not merely the coldly ambitious man who is satisfied to do great things and accomplish large aims which themselves will be his monuments and his apologists. His ambitions are social; he seeks applause and sympathy, and would achieve great things chiefly for the consideration which they will bring him.

To understand the man, one must bear his record in mind. He has led the life that sometimes falls in modern times to a very strenuous statesman, but rarely to a Prince. It called from the first hour for action, will, resource. An elected King, whose predecessor had abdicated in despair, he struggled where others reign. The omens were against him. Prince Alexander had been kidnapped, abducted to Russia, which had forgotten its earlier rôle of deliverer, and then ordered to resign his crown. Prince Ferdinand started with the full load of this same hostility on his own shoulders. Nor was foreign opposition the only danger; he had to meet a hostile party at home, and to face, as a Catholic and a non-Slav, the Orthodox opposition. If he leaned on Stambouloff and eschewed a policy of adventure, he roused the suspicions and hatreds of the Macedonians, who had only one use for a Bulgarian prince, that he should liberate Macedonia. If he played the autocrat, he estranged his stubborn, self-respecting, democratic Bulgars. If he imitated the liberalism of his predecessor, he risked the hostility of the existing Russian Court. The political dangers were grave, but behind them lurked the dark and bloody world of Balkan melodrama, the world of plots and murders and kidnappings. He brought to his task a great power of work. How much of the marvellous development of Bulgaria in his reign was actually due to him, and how much to the Bulgarian spirit of orderly toil, it would be hard to say, but certainly he did all that an ambitious and very able prince, possessed of large constitutional powers and a native personal ascendancy, could possibly do. His mind is modern, realistic, scientific, the sharpest contrast to the Kaiser's medievalism. A botanist of some standing, he had the knowledge to assist the agriculture of his country. In such work lay the best side of the man, and if he was vain of it, he had some right to his pride. He would talk as though he were the creator of Bulgaria. He seemed to stand like the aged Faust, on an eminence, watching the multitudes to whom he had given fruitful toil. He would speak incessantly of "*mon œuvre*," as though Bulgaria were a kind of vast extension of his own well-kept botanical garden. The ambition was sensitively personal, but it was in some sense an ambition of fruitful service.

The pinnacle on which in his own imagination he stood, was none the less a dizzy one. If one tries, from

fragments of King Ferdinand's talk, to guess the intimate form of his ambition, it clearly had a close relation to his standing as compared with other kings. An artist is jealous of other artists, a politician of other politicians. King Ferdinand, when his talk grew frank and indiscreet, would mock at the personal nullity of other sovereigns, especially Balkan sovereigns. He would pour out biting and whimsical phrases, each a sort of verbal caricature, of King Peter, King Constantine, and the rest. One heard clearly enough the underlying thought. He seemed to invite the listener to look first on these portraits and then on this, and make the appropriate "Hyperion to a Satyr" comment. On what other throne sits a man of his intellect, his scientific attainments, his self-sufficing will? So, one guessed, ran the daily argument in the royal brain, and the conclusion followed, that his power, his standing, his scope, his territory, ought to correspond to these talents. Did he fail and lead his country into the abyss of disaster? That only proved, as he would put it with the revealing simplicity of egoism, that the Great Powers are jealous of "*mon œuvre*." Extravagant, megalomaniac, and barely sane as this mood was, it was doubly dangerous because it was based on facts. For no one could dispute the King's talents, and his success up to the one fall of 1913, had been dazzlingly complete. He had come to think of himself as a magical manager of men, and in this department he assuredly had great skill. He thought meanly of Bulgarian politicians, and would spare no words of abuse in referring to his late Ministers. In one Cabinet, he would recount, how two Ministers (if memory serves us, but at least one) were men with lurid pasts. They had been, he declared, in the pay of the Russian secret police, and one had actually been hired to murder him. Were these notions diseased fancies? It may be so. The mania of persecution fastens readily on the megalomaniac in adversity. He certainly believed that he had survived the most monstrous plots, and the belief, when one recalls his predecessor's fate, was not unnatural. It inspired in him a fatal confidence in his own power to defeat the plotters. "Mithridates, he died old." He ruled by a system of day-to-day unscrupulousness, which may have been venial, and in that world excusable. He knew the skeleton in every Minister's cupboard, and he took pains to acquire the key. But in a man of his temperament, this daily success suggested a reserve power which might be turned on occasion to large ends. The habit of managing Ministers begot a contempt for public opinion, and good luck in defeating conspiracies suggested the power to weave them on the larger diplomatic stage. There was in this flattering estimate of himself an element of delusion of which King Ferdinand was probably not aware. With all his artistic charm he was never popular. With all his good work, he was never trusted. He survived partly by his own skill, but much more by the mistakes of his adversary.

The man who is about, for the third time, to drench the Balkans in blood, will perplex historians by the paradoxes of his character. There was never a less soldierly chief of a nation of soldiers. King Ferdinand has never been able to overcome his physical timidity, and his men looked in vain for his presence in the danger zone. Cowardice of this type is often a consequence of intense egoism. The man who values his life over much, who pursues alluring ambitions, and thinks affectionately of the talents enshrined in his body, does not risk it lightly. Nature will often play the trick of creating a big frame, and mocking its great vitality by endowing it with an over-keen instinct of self-preservation. Some good has come of these physical fears. Sofia owes its

good sanitation and vigilant system of public health to the King's dread of epidemics. Unluckily, the fear of bullets in kings does not necessarily induce a dread of war. This physical cowardice is compatible with the utmost boldness and even rashness in making plans which endanger other men's skins. These great abilities, this self-reliance, this versatile social talent, and those pleasant traits, a passion for flowers and birds, might have made, with his zest in work, a great and beneficent King in any corner of Europe less troubled than the Balkans. Here too much is fluid. It is too easy to create. The floating realm of the possible has beckoned its Emperor. How does he envisage the Great Bulgaria that is to stretch from the Adriatic to the Black Sea? Not as a blood-stained battlefield; he will not look on the slaughter. Not as a province to be exploited; he is not, with all his faults, a financial Imperialist. He sees, as the warped idealist commonly does see, his madly magnificent dream. It is a very big garden, even bigger than Bulgaria, and one day it will be very orderly and green, and he will look at it and call it "*mon œuvre*."

THE OBSTACLES TO SAVING.

THRIFT is the most depressing of all the virtues. Few will practise it in ordinary times except under the pressure of some great personal need. Many will doubtless stint themselves of comforts in order to provide against emergencies which may threaten their future supply of necessities; a much smaller number will pinch themselves in the present in order to be better off in the future. But most of the saving that is done by such a nation as ours involves no painful parsimony. It comes from those members of the well-to-do, or the working classes, who temporarily find themselves in possession of an income more than enough to support their normal expenditure. Many persons with a rising income, by merely abstaining from raising their expenditure, become owners of invested capital. Wealthy business men, who do by far the largest quantity of saving, do it by the simple process of allowing large portions of their profits to go back into the business, or to flow into some neighboring avenue of investment. This is an almost automatic process, involving no painful abstinence.

Economists dispute as to the effect of a rise of interest in stimulating saving. But though it is generally held that higher interest evokes some increase of saving, nobody would assert that the increase was proportionate to the rise, or that, by the mere device of offering another 1 or 2 per cent. it would be possible to make up twice or thrice the ordinary quantity of savings. For it will be agreed that any such heroic attempt would be defeated by the conservatism which attaches to class standards of consumption. Now here is the precise problem that confronts Mr. McKenna. If this country is to finance safely and honestly a war of the dimensions of that to which we are committed, the national rate of saving must be doubled, or even trebled, and when we deduct from the nation the large percentage of the workers who have no possible margin for saving, we see that the better-to-do must achieve so large a saving as to involve a veritable *débâcle* of standards of comfort. Let us admit that, in theory, and perhaps in practice, the thing is feasible. The 400 millions saved *per annum* could be raised to 1,200 without involving anybody in starvation. But when it comes to the consideration by what possible stimulation of motives the personal private wills of all the well-to-do people in the land can be got to undergo the acts of voluntary self-sacrifice which the

country requires of them, the difficulties seem well-nigh insuperable. Patriotic appeals supported by a handsome 5 per cent. have already been made. They have doubtless not been ineffective. But how much have they effected? Some wealthy people have reduced the number of their motor cars. There is less expensive entertaining, and some general cutting down of display and luxury. The middle classes have spent less on holidays, and are looking more carefully after household budgets. Those sections of the working classes whose wage-incomes and allowances have not advanced beyond the rise of prices are doubtless stinting themselves. The large industrial populations who are better off than usual are spending more. War has brought them a windfall of prosperity. It may not last. Why should they not enjoy themselves while they may? So the cinema, cheap jewellery and pianos, and in general the furniture and clothing trades, have been flourishing.

The existing atmosphere in which we are all living is ill-adapted for acquiring a new habit of saving. There is, therefore, something a little pathetic in the futility of tracts seeking to break down the secular extravagance of an entire nation in its cookery, to implant a sudden taste for cheap nourishing soups, to raise the valuation of cheese and rice, to stimulate the cultivation of back gardens, and to urge on villages the co-operative goat. All such advice is doubtless excellent in itself, but how easily evaded! How shall the ordinary middle-class family reduce appreciably its expenditure? The very suggestion made to most housewives is resented as an imputation of extravagance. "We live very simply, spending nothing that is not absolutely necessary. No doubt Mrs. X, our neighbor, dresses far beyond her husband's means, and the Y's are always gadding about on holidays. But kindly look at our weekly books, and say how much we can cut them down." If the matter is pressed further there comes a revelation of the real political economy of the nation that bred Adam Smith, Ricardo, and J. S. Mill. "Suppose we did stop buying new clothes and other things you say we ought to do without, what about the poor tradesmen who live by selling these articles? They cannot make a living and their employees must lose their employment, and all the other persons who live upon the money which they spend, are similarly injured. In short, if you stop 'circulating the money' as usual, you cause untold suffering to countless numbers of innocent people who were really dependent on your expenditure." It is extremely difficult to get such persons even to listen to, much less accept, your plea that if they save and hand over to the Government the money it will be expended just the same and will afford the same amount of income and employment as before, though passing into different trades and to different members of the community. All this is "mere theory": they see the trouble caused to themselves and others, they do not see the compensating gains to their country.

But this obstructive reasoning (if it deserve the name) is really employed to screen the personal prejudices against economy. The dislike to cut off any element of luxury or comfort is fortified by self-respect. What will the servants think of us, what our neighbors, if we lower our standard of respectability, and eat margarine instead of butter or go about in shabby dress? Or we adopt a superior intellectual tone, asking whether it is not rather foolish and fanatical to allow ourselves to be thrown off our balance by scare-cries of national emergency. Besides, what earthly difference can any trifle we can save make towards the provision of so vast a sum as is required? Here is stressed the note of half-hypocritical modesty, supported, however, by what we believe to be the most formidable of all obstacles to voluntary saving. "What

is the use of my stinting and scraping to save a few pounds when wholesale waste and extravagance on a colossal scale are flaunted on every side by the War Office and its agents?" The innumerable concrete well-authenticated instances of such misuse of public money, brought within the personal knowledge of everybody, are the most powerful deterrent of private economy that is conceivable.

In face of such difficulties there is only one method by which voluntary saving, at all adequate to our requirements, could be evoked, viz., by the patriotic personal example of the social leaders of every class. A golden opportunity was missed when Parliament refused to follow the fine lead in abstinence set by the King. It might have been the first step in a process by which the leaders in every department of life would have vied with one another in setting an example of simple living. The forces of prestige, respectability, imitation, snobbishness itself, might have been enlisted in the cause. If the leaders of fashion went about in last year's faded costumes, the great middle class would soon feel ashamed to be seen about the streets in smart attire. It might soon be made disreputable to drive about in pleasure cars, consuming oil, rubber, and labor wanted for the war, or to dine in expensive restaurants, or otherwise to waste the money that the nation needs for carrying on the war. The proportion of the general expenditure employed in costly personal display, conducted under the drive of social competition, is very large. If the motive-power of this competition had been reversed, as it might have been by a powerful effort of personal self-sacrifice in social leaders, "saving" might have been "the rage." As matters actually stand, the general patriotic appeal will be utterly inadequate to procure more than 10 or 20 per cent. of the increased saving that is wanted. It is not possible to get the normal person of any social grade to realize his patriotism in this unheroic manner. It is literally true that he will more readily risk or forfeit his life, or the life of one dear to him, than perform those constant innumerable little acts of secret self-denial involved in effectual saving.

It is for this reason that, as the war proceeds, taxation must become heavier and heavier. For, when next year's expenditure is realized, it will be found that no voluntary loans here or in America will nearly suffice to meet the widening gap between revenue and expenditure, and that this country is confronted with the plain alternatives of lowering the calibre of its fighting power or of forcing by taxation or compulsory loans a rate of saving that cuts not only all the luxuries but many of the comforts out of every standard of living.

A NAPOLEON OF OPERETTA.

THE death of Mr. George Edwardes suggests a brief review of the history of the form of art or of merchandise—operetta is perhaps the most comprehensive name for it—of which he was for five-and-twenty years the purveyor in chief. The morphology, not to say the amorphology, of operetta is one of the most curious branches of theatrical research. The serious student is wont to avert his gaze from it, because he sees in the light musical play the most insidious rival of the forms of art which he happens to prefer. He is apt, moreover, to regard it as a disease of modern times, a symptom of the triviality and degeneracy of latter-day taste. But that is a quite unphilosophical view. The combination of song and dance with a gay and fantastic representation, caricature, or allegorization of life, is a development

which has seldom been lacking at any point where dramatic art has developed at all. Like so many other things, it sprang to full perfection at one bound in the marvellous intellectual environment of Athens. Aristophanes was the first and greatest master of operetta, and the operetta of to-day only lacks an Aristophanes in order to take rank, as an art-form, with the Old Comedy. Unfortunately, the lack of an Aristophanes is rather conspicuous. In Elizabethan times, the masque, in a somewhat ponderous way, did duty for operetta. The elements of song, dance, costume, spectacle, and more or less topical humor were all present in it; though it is difficult for us to associate any sort of effervescence or exhilaration with its surviving masterpieces, unless we strain our definition a little, and include among them "A Midsummer Night's Dream." If Shakespeare had developed the lyric element a little more, this play might have ranked as a supreme example of "musical comedy."

In modern times, a stimulus was given to operetta by the vogue of opera—a form whose superficial absurdities called aloud for parody. Perhaps the greatest financial success of the eighteenth century was "The Beggars' Opera," which made Gay rich and Rich gay. Both here and in France, the practice of interspersing light comedies with songs was promoted by the theatrical monopolies which confined the "legitimate" drama to certain favored theatres, and included in the legitimate drama practically all non-musical plays. The minor theatres which, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, grew up with the growth of London, lived almost entirely upon "burlettas," such as those of Charles Dibdin, and melodramas whose very name proclaims their original association with music. Classical plays, however, escaped the clutches of the monopolists when they were duly seasoned with song. "Macbeth," for example, was presented as a "burletta." Another influence came in with the growth of pantomime, and the practice of making some sort of fairy story the framework, or the starting-point, for the exploits of Harlequin. I am not sure what relation can be traced between this practice and the graceful extravaganzas of Planché, which were so popular in early-Victorian days; but some relation there must certainly have been. And in the Planché extravaganzas—among them an adaptation of "The Birds" of Aristophanes—we come upon one of the lines of ancestry which quite clearly lead us forward to the operetta of to-day.

The worst of this form of art is its incorrigible alacrity in sinking. Again and again, in tracing its history, we have to record beginnings, fresh impulses, of remarkable promise; but their development always takes a downward instead of an upward course. So it was with the Planché type of extravaganza. In itself it was no great matter, but it contained the germs of something really beautiful and delightful, had Planché's imitators known how to improve upon their model. Instead of this, they made haste to run down a steep place into that bottomless pit of ineptitude known as mid-Victorian "burlesque." The stage was flooded with inane and garish travesties, often of noble and beautiful things, couched in execrable rhymes and stuffed with still more intolerable puns. The cleverness of some comedians, the sheer vulgarity of others, and the "shapely limbs" of the chorus-girls, secured popularity for many pieces of a silliness probably unrivalled in any other dramatic literature. It was this type of travesty that George Eliot justly denounced as "debasement of the moral currency." At the old Gaiety, under the late John Hollingshead, it expanded into the unspeakable enormity of "three-act burlesque drama." There are

men among us to-day who can boast that they sat out such-and-such a "burlesque drama" forty or fifty times, and who speak with tremulous regret of the dear dead days of Fred Leslie, Teddy Royce, Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, and Connie Gilchrist. We cannot deny the late Mr. Edwardes our thanks for having helped to rid the stage of the "leg show." The skirt show which he substituted, if not much more edifying to the mind, was at least fifty times more agreeable to the eye.

To trace another strand in the genealogy of the modern operetta, we must go back to Paris under the Second Empire. In the librettos which Meilhac and Halévy provided for Offenbach—a genius if ever there was one—we have a thoroughly frivolous but really brilliant form of art. "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Hélène," "Le Pêrigolet," and others, can be read to this day with pleasure. But here again the form ran rapidly downhill. Lecocq, Planquette, and Messager mark its decline, until it passed over, in a sadly tarnished condition, to the Viennese school of composers. In England, French opéra-bouffe lost its brilliancy from the first, because it was utterly impossible to reproduce either the French wit or the French verbal rhythms. The gibberish perpetrated by the average adaptor under the heading of "lyrics" is a thing to remember with horror. Then Gilbert arose; and Fate, for once benignant, linked him with his *animæ dimidium*, Sullivan. A more perfect collaboration was never known. Wagner the musician did not more intimately harmonize with Wagner the poet. With all their limitations, the Savoy Operas were an inestimable boon to the English-speaking world. Along with one or two of Robertson's comedies, they mark the true beginning of the dramatic revival, showing that the decree of divorce between literature and the stage had not been made absolute. But here again decadence was prompt to set in. Gilbert and Sullivan found many imitators but no successors, and George Edwardes stepped into the managerial primacy that had long been held by his first employer, D'Oyly Carte.

If he did not invent, he at any rate elaborated, a somewhat novel form. "In Town," produced in 1892, was the first of a long series of "musical comedies." The characteristic of this type of play was that it abandoned all romantic and pseudo-historical frippery, its setting and its costumes being not only English, but ultra-modern. It depicted in glaring colors, and threw into violent relief, the everyday fast life of the restaurant, the race-course, and the stage itself. At first it seemed very promising. Gilbert had made it impossible to revert to the unutterable doggerel of the old burlesques, and a little band of really clever rhymers rallied round the Edwardian standard. Mr. Edwardes, too, showed boundless liberality and a good deal of taste as a producer. Many of the spectacles he presented were really pretty. The idea of presenting modern life in a fantastic medium, aerated, so to speak, by music and dancing, was by no means a bad one. But once more we were doomed to witness a dire alacrity in sinking. The element of observation and satire dwindled to nothing, the element of inanity and vulgarity took the upper hand. Mr. Edwardes made no attempt to discover a librettist with any satiric wit or gift of humorous invention. Had such a man presented himself, the "Napoleon of Musical Comedy" would have had no use for him. "If an author wrote a good line," one of the Gaiety librettists said to me the other day, "Edwardes always took it out at rehearsal. And he was right: he knew what the public wanted." But did he? That is just the question. No doubt an isolated "good line" would have been

thrown away in the average musical comedy; but there is really no evidence that Mr. Edwardes's taste was an infallible gauge of that of his patrons. They took what he gave them because it had certain undeniable attractions, and because they could get nothing better. But all experience goes to show that if he himself had appreciated sense, satire, and ingenuity, his public would have accepted them with gratitude.

The vogue of "musical comedy" lasted some twelve years, but was distinctly on the decline when Viennese operetta, with "The Merry Widow" in the van, came to the rescue of the impresario's wavering fortunes. Then the sudden popularity of the "revue" threatened a revolution in operetta-land. The "revue" may be defined as a musical comedy with all pretence at plot omitted, and with the element of topical allusion and travesty thrown into relief. It is a form with which much might be done if some man of real talent could find a George Edwardes who should cordially co-operate with him in the work of production. Sir James Barrie, as we know, has coquetted with the "revue"; why should not Mr. Bernard Shaw follow suit? Meanwhile, an attempt has been made to resuscitate musical comedy by adding songs, dances, and the indispensable "beauty chorus" to ancient farces such as "Pink Dominoes." Some of these attempts have been commercially successful, but artistically they portend no upward movement. Will the new England after the war still hanker after such spectacles as "To-night's the Night"?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

HAROLD CAWLEY.

COURAGE—mental and physical—was the outstanding element of Harold Cawley's character. Short-sighted and with an arm permanently damaged from a fall, he was always a furious rider. There was nothing he would not risk on a horse, in a hunt or a race. In the House he was at first sensitive and reserved and a little difficult to know. He commenced by advocating a cause unpopular in his own constituency, and with the bulk of his party, opposing those who desired to effect economies through retrenchment in the Navy. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary, first to Mr. Runciman, later to Mr. McKenna at the Admiralty and the Home Office. A Parliamentary Private Secretary has few opportunities of speaking. But he would make himself thoroughly master of some such Bill as the Insurance Bill or the Mental Deficiency Bill, and really work through all the technical clauses which only a handful of members ever understood. And on these he would make little five or ten-minute speeches, putting his points with lucidity and ability and without embroidery. And his points were always "good points," whether in criticism or defence; so that one came to look upon his interventions as real contributions to the solution of the problems at issue, distinguished from mere repetition of familiar arguments, or the slopping out of stuff for the delectation of a constituency. He was very much liked in the House of Commons. He liked his work and the life of Parliament. But he never came into his own there, nor had time to reveal his real gifts of intellect and character, before he died. His was an affectionate nature, very responsive to anyone who was kind to him and took an interest in him. He delighted in his child friends, and they were devoted to him. He cared nothing at all for what is sometimes called London "Society," and was most happy in his father's beautiful home down in Herefordshire, amongst the horses which he liked so much, delighting in the country, with knowledge of the nests of all the birds, and love of country sights and sounds.

He was happy alike in furious sport, hunting, point-to-point racing, or in the quiet enjoyment of the beauty of it all. He never made an enemy and never deserted a friend.

For twelve years he had been an officer in the East Lancashire Territorials, to which he had given much labor, and in which he had taken much pride. When the war came he had no doubt at all of his duty and action. At the beginning he was placed on the staff of his division. "I cannot feel solemn about the war," he wrote at first to a friend, "although I suppose everyone ought to be. The interest and excitement of it so far outweigh the horror." There was some fretting at forced inaction in Manchester—committed as he thought to "engaging cooks, ordering cheese and bacon, and teaching recruits to look after horses." "Feeling useful is all very well," he wrote, "but having a whack at the other side is more satisfying." Then came the news of the death of his brother in action in France—a brother to whom he was devoted. "I am helped by the report—I hope true—that he finished, as he always rode in life, at the head of the field, and had his share in the capture of the guns." Then the East Lancashire division is in Egypt, and once more fretting at forced inaction in what appears inglorious ease. He was on the staff, and found relief from the pain of loss in hard physical exercise and violent work—amongst other things the exciting work of "converting Lancashire working men into waiters, and housemaids." "Everyone has been awfully good pretending they liked the original methods of my waiters and praising the food, but the results are not much to boast of as yet." "The toll which war is taking of men one knows," he wrote, "would make an inactive life in England almost intolerable." Yet he is all for killing the "German mad dog of Militarism," and "I hope," he writes, "not to come home till that is done."

"There is a splendid dry air in the desert," he writes again, "and the lights at sunset are often wonderful. Just then, it sometimes gives you the feeling that it is good to be alive and on a decent horse. I often do a solitary evening ride out into the hills and see the sunset over Cairo with the Pyramids in the distance. It is easy to work up all the stale thoughts about the shortness of life, with Napoleon's fort standing up on a bluff over the old citadel, with the beautiful minarets of the mosque, and the Pyramids behind, built nearly 4,000 years before either of them."

So he describes these days of their resting in Egypt, "wintering like so many invalid millionaires"—but days of impatience at this ease and comfort, and longing for action—in France; all unconscious that the tremendous tide of war was drifting towards them on the opposing coasts of Europe, and that amongst the tumbled hills of Gallipoli he would find his grave. "The gloom of war casts no shadow here," he writes. "Everything is normal, and except that some of us have had losses which still hurt, everyone is very light-hearted." But "I do want to take a hand at something a little more active than this."

At last the call to action comes; and the only thing he was the least afraid of, was (as were thousands of others) of being afraid. He landed at Gallipoli to find a most sanguinary battle in progress, and had two horses hit before lunch. "My own battalion has suffered most, and if I had not been on the staff I should have had little chance of surviving." "Most of the men I knew well were killed, but they did as well as I expected, and, as you know, I always expected much." Throughout the summer he was writing the most vivid and courageous

descriptions of that long, costly, heartbreaking warfare in impossible country between the Ægean and the Dardanelles. Of the ground won, "much of it," he declares, "looks as if some giant had been tilling the ground and ploughing men into it with some monstrous plough." He is wounded by a splinter of a destroyed periscope, and a staff officer is wounded by his side. Yet "I believe this war is adding years to my life," he declares. "I keep extraordinarily well, a bit thinner, but really hard and fit, and when there is any excitement on I enjoy it most thoroughly."

But at the last he could stand no longer the noise of the battle while he was at the base, and felt determined that he must go in with his regiment, with which he had served for so long. In the fight of August 4th, "in my battalion every officer but one of those who went forward to attack was killed." "The previous action had wiped out nearly all my friends." "Every combatant officer who left Egypt with the battalion has now been killed or wounded, and more killed than wounded. In addition about twelve new officers have been hit, again mostly killed. As a consequence, I am going back to them," he says simply. "I have always felt rather a brute, skulking behind in comparative safety, while my friends were being killed." He obtained leave to join the tattered remnants of the regiment which he loved more than life. He knew the full cost of it, the almost inevitable end; and he deliberately accepted that cost, without a moment's hesitation or regret. He managed to exchange the comparative safety and comfort of a Staff appointment for the wild work of the tumult and assault of the trenches. The rest is silence; but for the bare news received a few hours ago, that he is dead.

"He lies where he longed to be"—amongst his friends and the men he loved, having given his life as if with rejoicing for a cause he knew to be right. He is the second of a family honored in the House of Commons, to have thus accepted, quietly and without boasting or complaint, the call of an imperious hour. All that human sympathy can give is offered to his father, a "House of Commons man," and to others of a stricken hearth, once so full of jolly, wholesome pleasure, and abounding with the love of life. Such comfort as can be attainable remains in the thought of a life well spent; of happiness and increasing success and efficiency in public service; strong family affection, laughter, and the love of friends. But stronger than any such comfort to-day is the sense of irrevocable loss, for him and others who lived gladly and have gladly died. And one recalls the words expressed in the House of Commons itself, under circumstances not dissimilar, sixty years ago:—"I doubt whether there were any men on either side of the House who were more capable of fixing the goodwill and affection of those with whom they were associated. Well, but the place that knew them shall know them no more for ever."

C. F. G. MASTERMAN.

Art.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

IN that great outburst of discovery and learning and enthusiasm called the Renaissance, one symptom of the change from the ideas of the times preceding showed itself in a significant difference between the satiric and the grotesque designs of the two periods. That difference was in the use of Death instead of the Devil: from the fiery torments and clawing horrors of the Middle Ages

the artist changed his vision to the charnal terrors of the Dance Macabre.

The new learning showed the Devil to be an ass, to its own satisfaction, and to that of the artists working under its stimulus; but as a stronger, more concentrated light produces a darker and more impenetrable shadow, so the shadow of Death assumed a new and sinister blackness. The Devil fell back to being a haunter of shadowy woods and dark ruins and waste places, amongst goblins and boggarts and betraying nymphs, and oft times was, as Rabelais saw him, a fool and a comic fellow with claws: but Death—Death with a harsh clanging bell, Death with a trumpet, Death with a scythe, Death the Drummer—the snatcher of goblets and interrupter of feasts, the grisly ravisher of the fairest ladies, the overcomer of the most splendid conquerors, the enemy of youth and beauty, the corrupter of the most sane and just—he holds the hour-glass and is the careless, wasteful brother to Time and Fate—Death is to be feared: he is close at hand and standing opaque and terrible in the future. Knowledge had made the universe smaller and more finite, and had drawn the bounds of life nearer.

Albert Dürer well marked the point of transition in his engraving "The Knight, Death, and the Devil." His Devil was no more a panic monster but a grotesque grunting swine. Thereafter he was merely the grand master of the witches' frolics, and it was Death who pursued every man by day and night, in eating and in sleeping, in joy and in sorrow, in youth and age, at all times, in all places; Holbein's death dance was not phantasy but grim reality, his ragged, grimacing skeletons were imminent and threatening.

Later, the seventeenth century had a taste for devils. Pictures innumerable were produced of saints or witches, containing demons in great quantity, but they were poor things, too ingenious in construction and more like magnified insect parasites—horrible annoyances, not deadly terrors. Rubens, in his "Downfall of the Damned," showed unconsciously the difference of outlook, for he made it a Flemish carnival of pinching, slapping horseplay, with fat, frightened women pouring like a cataract through an atmosphere too heavy for even their flaccid limbs to fall heavily enough to be crushed or injured when they reached the bottom. After the early days of the Renaissance the Dance Macabre was rarely used with effect. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries expressed the sense of terror and despair in engravings and drawings of the horrors of war and of tortures, as did Jacques Callot and his successors, with the result that war became subject to certain rules and moderate alleviations, until the Imperial armies of the French broke upon the Spanish Insurrection in rage and slaughter, and Francisco Goya saw about him the material from which to etch the appalling scenes in "Los Desastres de la Guerra." Again, the Saxon Revolution of 1848 produced from the sorrow and pity of Rethel a record of death and despair when the Prussian regiments crushed the rebel workmen at their barricades.

During the nineteenth century in England, Rowlandson produced a social satire called "Death's Doings," but it was not moved by a convinced feeling for the macabre. A few designs appeared at intervals, such as John Millais's "Death Dealing Arrows" and F. Sandys's "Yet once more on the organ play," but these were in spirit derivative and without strong personal feeling, and, later, A. Legros and his pupils produced many well designed etchings on macabre subjects, serious but strangely placid for such a theme.

To regain a new universality for this tradition, it was necessary that the whole world should be greatly moved by renewed experience of terrors long forgotten; that laws, reputed immutable, should be broken or ignored, and, once again, that Death should be a terror by night and as an arrow that flieth. When men rise to struggle with some wielder of giant armies disciplined to the spirit of destruction and conquest, the symbols of old time become again filled with spirit and related to life: from this now springs a new Dance Macabre, a dance on spikes of helmets and bayonet points; processions of goose-

stepping skeletons: a grim reaper among hordes of driven women and children and old broken men; a sprawling figure of bones across whole kingdoms amid smoke and fires; a sea of blood in a waste of crosses.

There has been no finer expression of hatred and contempt for the being on whose shoulders the greater burden of this Imperial infamy will lie, than the series of drawings called "The Kaiser's Garland," by Edmund J. Sullivan, now being exhibited at the Leicester Galleries. Just and severe in draughtsmanship, the grim and terrible jest is carried along through a new "Rake's Progress," arm in arm with Death across the green gaming table of a continent, with armies and great guns and millions of money to gamble, and wide provinces and their myriad industrious workmen to hold subject or to tax into poverty under crushing indemnities.

A terrible indictment it is, this punning chronicle of grotesque difference and resemblance between word and deed, of hypocrisy after outrage and the leaden tears of the crocodile. The harsh scream of the double-headed eagle is met by the rasp of the steel pen setting down in infrangible symbols the inevitable stern judgment of a just foe, the trampled civilians of Belgium, the flying hogs who spill fire and explosion blindly in the darkness, the lewd crushing hordes of the seven deadly sins—pride, covetousness, lechery, wrath, greed, and all, set down on paper and interwoven with that terrible pattern of bones, skipping and dancing and grimacing; there also is Circe with her cup, the Devil with his bond, the world in flames, the monkey decorated and coiffed by the Kaiser. A howling, slobbering, gluttonous, daubing, spoiling mob surges up here and again in these drawings, raging with an amazing impetus.

Comparison with the war drawings of French artists in another room of the same gallery suggests curious differences in artistic temper between the Allied nations; the use of a wider tradition of motive and technique by the Englishman, the serious treatment of subject, the desire to make a drawing rather than a sketch, and his curious affinities of design and treatment with the East. The technical differences between a drawing by Forain and Sullivan's "Death the Drummer," are worthy of attentive study; the sharply set-down, straight, angular comment of the Frenchman and the interested leisured curves and long lines of the Englishman are in very singular contradistinction, and the difference in composition as suggested above is no less surprising.

Contemporaries.

I.—REMY DE GOURMONT.

At a time when human life counts for so little, it seems almost untimely to die in bed, peacefully. Those who have not the honor of fighting, themselves, have their thoughts incessantly turned towards "the front," in anxiety for their country, and for their dear ones among the combatants.

When we read obituary notices, our eyes seek first the names of those who, in Victor Hugo's phrase, "*pieusement sont morts pour la patrie*": we scan rapidly the names of others whom accident or wearing labor has brought to the grave. Perhaps, at the bottom of our hearts, we pity them for having departed before the dawn of victory, or, analyzing our feelings more closely, we are ready to bear them a grudge for showing such detachment from the war, which is destroying the Old World in blood and fire, and which must result in the triumph of freedom and justice, or in the subjugation of nations to the brutal yoke of militarism in its most hateful form.

It is for other reasons that the death of Remy de Gourmont distresses all those who knew him. Grief at the thought that we shall never see again a dearly loved friend is intensified by regret that he could not have outlived the war, seeing that after peace is restored so many complex problems will arise of supreme importance for humanity—problems which his lucid brain would have helped so powerfully to unravel.

He dies prematurely, worn out by a life of formidable labor, and by the physical and moral suffering of cruel malady. Nature had warned him of the implacable progress of disease, and he knew that his respite was brief before leaving his earthly tenement.

He was born on April 4th, 1858, at the Château de la Motte, in Orne, one of the most beautiful and least known parts of Normandy. After successful studies at the Lycée of Coutances and the University of Caen, he obtained by open competition, in 1883, a post in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. At once he joined the groups of young men who endeavored to make a breach in the walls of Realism, where Zola triumphed, and to lift literature from the rut in which, according to them, it lay crouching. All the youth of that day felt sincere disgust at the preoccupation of the French novel with the disagreeable aspects of life. They revolted, too, against the ocean of platitudes in which the Parnassians had caused poetry to capsize.

Remy de Gourmont belonged to this movement, which was loosely called Symbolism, and which ended by conquering the Realists and the Decadents. Gourmont theorized a little on this pretended doctrine. Rules, traditional or new, were banished; liberty was extolled; "Idealism" was defined as "the free, personal development of the individual intellect in the domain of the intellect"; Symbolism "could be, and even ought to be, regarded as the free, personal development of individual aesthetic in the domain of aesthetics"—such were the rather pompous phrases used in those distant days.

In short, that generation wished to emancipate itself from a tiresome tutelage, to escape from an atmosphere which it judged poisonous. It repudiated all constraint, and adopted a hostile attitude to all received ideas: this reaction even reached the plane of political ideas. Anarchy had its disciples, more *dilettante* than militant. At this time Remy de Gourmont published an article under the disreputable title of "Le Joujou Patriotisme" (The Childishness of Patriotism). This caused a scandal. Since then we have had more serious audacities of this stamp in Pacifism and Anti-Militarism, but de Gourmont had the misfortune to come first. He suffered the fate of a pioneer, and lost his post at the Bibliothèque Nationale. This was in 1891, when the "Mercure de France," the recognized organ of "les Jeunes," acquired an ever-increasing vogue. He became its most assiduous contributor. Not a number has appeared since without one or two articles from his pen—a fact which did not prevent his collaboration in a considerable number of periodicals and daily journals of Paris and in the provinces.

His work is enormous. More than fifty volumes proclaim the products of his thought in several sciences, and the whole order of letters. He was a Humanist in the old sense of the word, after the fashion of his ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—painters, engravers, typographers—of Jean, Robert, and François de Gourmont, and of that Gilles de Gourmont, to whom we owe the first impressions made in Paris of Greek and Hebrew characters.

There is scarcely a subject which he has not touched, and that in no superficial or fanciful manner; his vast erudition, his incomparable intelligence, and his artistic gifts equipped him equally to be creator or commentator. Historian, theologian, philologist, moralist, writer of novels, of short stories, of plays, and sociologist, he criticized and philosophized in all directions.

Natural inclination and the tendencies of the movement to which he belonged made him contemptuous of categories and formule. In this respect he follows the French tradition, as opposed to German culture, the narrowly methodical slave of facts, and poor in ideas. Gourmont was rich in ideas; they teem in his books, of which one is called "La Culture des Idées." He gathers and shapes them, dissects and analyzes them with rare subtlety and depth in his volumes of "Epilogues," of "Promenades Philosophiques," in his "Dialogues des Amateurs." His curiosity was universal, and his field of knowledge extended far beyond the frontiers of France. No doubt, he was, as was said, a living encyclopædia, but

his vast knowledge was but the foundation of the most marvellous structure of ideas that can be imagined.

Evidently his influence was great on men of his own generation and on their successors, not only in France but in many foreign countries. Some of his books and studies have been translated into English, and his work is much appreciated by the youngest generation of English writers and poets. His style, too, very pure and classical, is most favorable to the spread of his ideas.

His too-short existence was passed in seclusion from noisy intrigues, but from his retreat he followed the vicissitudes of his time, and handled without mercy the weaknesses of men. Only a few days ago he published, under the title of "Pendant l'Orage," a collection of impressions and emotions, experienced during the last few months. "The work of death in all its blind horror" terrifies him, and he deplores "a moment, when the youngest are least sure of the morrow." He is saddened by the ever-lengthening lists of names of writers and artists "whose lives have been nobly sacrificed for the safety of the *Patrie*." "Salvete, flores martyrum!" said the old Latin poet, Prudentius.

He confesses to an uneasy distrust of supposed deductions from the past. "There is," he writes, "between my present life and the past a curtain of mist, which I sometimes force myself to disperse for an instant. But it is so thick that I rarely succeeded in making a narrow aperture by which I may for one lightning moment perceive the things of yesterday. . . . I no longer live. I am but a ghost, a floating, insubstantial figure, without definite shape, like inchoate or residual life. . . ."

These words give some indication of the painful trouble into which he was plunged by the events of the past year. He has gone, leaving us poorer and more sad; but we trust that beyond the curtain of thick mist which terrorized him, his glance knits the confused past with the uncertain future, and that he perceives the dawn of the deliverance promised us by unconquerable hope.

HENRY D. DAVRAY.

II.—ALFRED WILLIAM BENN.

OB., SEPT. 16TH, 1915.

AMONG the sadnesses which stand out against the present background of European horror, are the deaths having no ostensible relation with the war, but which to us survivors feel, and perhaps in some secret way really are, the vicarious or back-handed blow of that supreme Malignance: "Oh! you have been consoling yourselves" (it seems to whisper) "with the thought of what would remain to you when I can do no more, have you? See there!" And there drops into our ravaged soul the after-loss of some beautiful strong promise, that lucid young Italian philosopher, Mario Calderoni; or Louis Edgar, that young musician of whom one had said to oneself, "Well, his playing of Mozart will be there when the war is over, and something else of Mozart in himself." Or else it is the death of some octogenarian lady, left to represent the serenity of wiser and more generous days, the consoling serenity of great age. The war goes on, the devouring, universal conflagration, with more and more crash of hopes and laying to ashes of the resources for good slowly stored up by self-denying, genial centuries. And when at last the end will have come, and each of us shall hunt among those ruins, still smoking with hatred, for what was once our soul's little cherished garden, there will be missing this one, or that, on whose help to build a new life we had presumptuously counted. So I had counted that when, the war being over, I returned to Italy, myself so aged and impoverished in spirit, so many persons and so many beliefs gone from me, there would remain Mr. Benn, as after a lifetime's friendship, I still ceremoniously called him. And to-day a letter from my servants tells me he is dead.

We had been neighbors in that little valley under Fiesole some fifteen years now, my windows looking on to a field of vines and a reach of reeded stream which

belonged to him; our two old ramshackle houses, once farms, but raised by the Florentine tax-gatherer to the dignity of "civil habitations," being separated by only a few hundred yards of unfrequented road. But our lives had lain thus friendly alongside for more than twice that time. It must have been in 1881 that Mrs. Lynn Linton, a novelist once famous, and my kindest early patron, brought to us for the first time a very short-sighted, shy, Irish-Englishman, of whom she had previously told my people (with that splendid hyperbole which made her own life a generous, unrealistic romance), "My dear, he is a man of Godlike intellect." I fear that dear old Mrs. Linton's chief notion of gods was that there were none. But Alfred, or as we never ceased calling him, "Mr." Benn, had certainly some of the wisdom, and apparently most of the omniscience, which that devout atheistic lady denied, together with bare existence, to any orthodox divinity. That was the first impression everyone had of Mr. Benn, his amazing information on all subjects, and his portentous memory. Whenever I have wanted to know something about anything under or over the sun (he was an adept also at astronomy!), instead of borrowing a book from his generously opened library, it was much simpler and more satisfactory to go and look up the subject in Mr. Benn himself. The subject; but by no means merely the facts, although he was meticulous about them; but, even more than the facts, a very wise, humane, humorous, liberal judgment on them. *Liberal!* Mr. Benn was a Liberal of the old school, which, if there is going to be any Liberalism in the future (and one may doubt it!) will have to be also the new one. Though born only in the middle 'forties (I believe my friend has died at seventy-one), he was a survivor from the days of Herbert Spencer, with whom he had been in correspondence; and so far as the spirit went, of Stuart Mill, for he was full of ironical indignation and pleasantry, indeed even of Voltaire, Bayle's Dictionary, and, let us say, Erasmus: a crystalline rock of humane and humorous commonsense, against which the waves and mists of obscurantism had beaten and curled in vain. His great understanding of the past and its ideas never tempted him, like sundry among us, into forgetting that, thanks to the Past itself, we are better and wiser than it; especially that the Future will have to be a deal wiser and better than we. Unlike so many historians, he never hoaxed himself into belief in "objectivity" and "scientific detachment," but honestly used his knowledge of the past, imperfect as he knew it must be, for what it could give to the present and future. In his beautiful early essays (re-published last year) on the "Greek Philosophers," as in his great historic book on "English Rationalism," he openly took up the position of the modern man, yes, of the avowedly transitional man, seeing the past, cherishing or condemning it, through eyes acknowledged to be modern. History and philosophy were to him not merely quarries for research and analysis, but fields for self-education, free spaces where a man should train his moral and intellectual muscles: a *Vor-Schule*, as the German expression goes, not to some other study, but to life. Or rather a school continuous with life, enriching life and being enriched by life, for a man of leisure and intellect to interpret the present through the past, and the past through the present. A man of leisure and intellect, Mr. Benn could be defined in such, alas! old-fashioned terms. Delicate as a boy, he had been brought up by a scholarly mother, without, I believe, any public schooling; and uncertain health had kept him throughout early manhood roaming all over the Continent, seeking his knowledge and making his methods for himself, free from the temptation or contagion of bread-winning routine or perfunctoriness; moreover, simple in habits, fairly well off, and, later in life, saved by a certain social shyness from the evil communications of professional intellectuals. This was indeed his loss, and, in a way, the world's loss in him, that a man of such up-to-date precision of learning and of such consummate literary technique, should have remained a little stranded away from his generation, or, more correctly, a little aloof from it. It seems to take off from his usefulness; though I am inclined to think that the world is very usefully served by those who stand

aside from its obvious service and that service's ratty ways. When one alluded to him as, what he certainly was, a historian, Mr. Benn would say in a funny, half-serious way, "Oh, but I am a *Philosopher*." And he certainly came up somehow to one's old-fashioned (and perhaps correct) notions of such a creature, a wise man, a trifle apart, consorting for his own delight with the great laurelled and toga'd dead in a serene *no place nowhere*, such as Dante was taken to see.

Philosophic in the old sense, including what our fathers called *natural* philosophy; my dear old friend seemed to possess depths and depths of that. And he, so afraid of colds and always gowned like a chilly wizard in his library, could be watched on starlight winter nights on his terrace alongside a huge telescope. But philosopher, especially in the literal sense of *moral* philosopher, an idealistic, but shrewd, ironical moralist. It was he who first turned the word *Humanist* (applying it to Protagoras), from meaning a student not of holy but human writ, *i.e.*, a classical scholar, to meaning one who judges by human standards and in relation to human welfare and dignity. And in this now adopted modern sense, he was an *arch-humanist*, and a very humane and human one, himself.

He was abroad when the war broke out, and I have not left England. We have not seen each other since, nor written, for we never wrote during the few months either was away from our Italian homes. That wasn't the way of our friendship, in which absence made no sort of change. One never seemed to have been away. One found each other, without sense of *finding again*, as one found one's house, garden, field, books, and the dear, faithful Italian servants. One met on the road between the two neighboring gates, and dropped into the old talks, historical or philosophical, just as one dropped into those after-lunch walks among our Fiesole foot-hills; dropped into friendly and acrimonious controversy (each really taking the other's part), interrupted by the alarms and retreats of respective dogs, his black poodle and my maremma, who had got to know that certain words, "Hegel," "Bergson," "Exegesis," "Ancestor Worship," meant opportunity for canine truancy and misdemeanor. And when one wanted (I, never he, bless him!) information *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, one dropped in to his scholarly and agricultural wife to tea, and was admitted into the study, where he sat in his fine, lined dressing gown, looking very like the sage he was, with his snow-white hair and beard, and intent, short-sighted eyes. It seemed, our friendship, an eternal, uninterrupted present tapering to a future. And now, to-day, I write these words about Mr. Benn to teach myself that it is all past. As one grows old, alas! Death is for ever bruising and kniving one in some long friendship. But this is different. It is not he only who is gone, it is a whole side of oneself; a whole side of one's thinking, wondering, questioning, will be silent, like the keys of which the piano strings have broken. Others will know this to be the case when they see the notice of Mr. A. W. Benn's death. They came to him, some young, some old, year after year, when they came to Italy. But he and I had been neighbors in dwelling for fifteen years; and neighbors in spirit for thirty-five. That is different.

VERNON LEE.

Letters to the Editor.

THE POLICY OF BULGARIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the moment of writing it is impossible to say whether war between the Entente Powers and Bulgaria has been declared or not. If it has, the very existence of Bulgaria is in jeopardy. The "Times" of Tuesday spoke of the treason of Bulgaria. Remembering that the acts of a Government must be accounted the acts of the country, treason is not an improper word to employ if Bulgaria has

committed an act of war. But of one thing I am sure, that in such an act King Ferdinand has not the confidence of a majority of the Bulgarian people. The peasants—and Bulgaria is a nation of peasants—have a profound reverence for the Tsar of Russia, whom they rightly speak of as their Deliverer, and a deep gratitude towards the Russian people. It is many years since, accompanied by the Mayor of Shipka, I explored the battlefield of Shenova. Everywhere over the plain we saw small graveyards where groups of Russian soldiers had been buried. One of our party was speaking of the sympathy felt for Bulgaria by the Western European nations. The Mayor said quietly that he was glad to hear of it; but, throughout the country, he did not see little cemeteries indicating the burial places of other foreigners who had died for Bulgaria. The sentiment towards the Tsar is something reverential; but alongside his portrait in hundreds of Bulgarian houses may be seen that of Mr. Gladstone. Within the last six months, two Bulgarian highly-placed officials have written to me, each saying the same thing in different words—first, that no Ministry could exist for a week which proposed war with Russia or opposition to England; and, secondly, that nothing would ever induce the Bulgarian people to fight on the side of Turkey. If, therefore, the statement is true that Ferdinand has joined himself with the enemies of England and Russia, I feel certain that he will not have the mass of his subjects behind him. We have had reports of 800 men having fled into Rumania to avoid service in a war against Russia. A Geneva "Exchange" report, dated the 5th, states that General Savoff declared that every Bulgarian who breaks away from Russia commits an act of treason towards his country. It is a special pleasure to read such a declaration because the General, according to common belief, was the agent of King Ferdinand in submitting the conditions which led to the disastrous Second Balkan War. The story should not be lost sight of. Pasitch and Gueshoff, the Premiers respectively of Serbia and Bulgaria, had come to an agreement on all essential points of difference between the two States.

These points of difference arose, as did the whole war, through the interference of Austria. The "Neue Freie Presse" publicly declared that the great object of Austria was to destroy the Balkan League. She was the Power most strongly opposed to Serbia obtaining a seaport in the Adriatic. When this object, which had been contemplated by Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece, became apparently impossible of achievement, division between Serbia and Bulgaria became dangerously near, but the commonsense and ability of the two Premiers had saved the situation, when General Savoff, to the surprise of his colleague, introduced the fatal conditions which led, on June 30th, 1913, to the outbreak of a disgraceful war between the two countries. Mr. Crawford Price asserted in the "British Review" of August last that the Bulgarian offensive had been determined upon in collusion with Austria. In THE NATION of last week he supplies valuable evidence supporting this statement. What it amounts to is that the great disaster of Bulgaria, the injustice that she suffered by the division of Macedonia between Serbia and Greece, an injustice which was sanctioned at the Treaty of Bucharest, was due to the action of Ferdinand, acting as the agent of Austria. After the crushing defeat of Bulgaria, the King made a suggestion which was taken to imply that Savoff was responsible for the fatal war. Savoff replied substantially by threatening to make a statement and publish his instructions. Thereupon, the only response that the public has heard anything of was that Savoff received a high decoration and left the country. Indeed, in the absence of further evidence, the conclusion is that the author of the Second Balkan War, which brought about all the misfortunes of Bulgaria, was the King himself.

In various ways Ferdinand has been doing his utmost to form a pro-German party. If the "Exchange" telegram which states that the discussion of the Russian Note in the Bulgarian Council was of a very vehement character, and that the speech of Savoff concluded by declaring, as already stated, that every Bulgarian who breaks away from Russia commits an act of treason, be true, then Savoff was the true exponent of the Bulgarian people. The Bulgarians are at once a proud and a democratic people. It is difficult to believe that Bulgarian officers would consent to serve under

German leaders, or that either they or their men would willingly fight against Russia.

My hope, therefore, is that if war is not already declared Bulgaria will be given another chance. In the peculiar circumstances of the case she deserves a *locus penitentiae*. It seems certain that the King and the German party are only allowing a German view of the situation to be published in the country. It is the business of Russia and England to supply news which is true, and the more completely the facts are known the more certain it is that an overwhelming majority of Bulgarians will say "No war with Russia or with England!" If war be not already commenced the immediate danger is that, as Turkey was pushed into war by Germans against the wish of probably all its ministers except Enver, so Bulgaria may find herself at war with her friends through the intrigues of German officers aided by Court influence.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARS.

October 8th, 1915.

THE GREAT CHANGE IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The opinion to be met, both here and, I believe, in Russia, that the Tsar's assumption of the supreme command was a triumph for the reactionary party, ought surely to be re-considered in the light of to-day's good news as to the immediate re-assembly of the Duma.

My own impression, founded partly upon conversations held in Russia during July with ministers and members of the Duma, is that the Tsar's action is capable of a very different explanation, and may be a step in Russia's movement towards a type of constitutional democracy. It is well known that the Russian Court has been, and, perhaps, still is, permeated with German influences, whereas the Army has been rapidly purged of them during the war. To leave the Court for the Army may, therefore, have been a definite, and even a necessary, step in the plan of the Tsar to make himself a truly "Russian" sovereign.

The Grand Duke was unquestionably the best—indeed, the only—man to put in command at the beginning of the war. For only a Prince of the Blood, as well as a soldier, could defy the subtle and almost avowed German influences at work. And Russia and the Allies may feel enduring gratitude to him for doing so. But we must not forget that his period of command was coincident with the reactionary policy in Galicia which—as Russians themselves assert—lost them Galicia in the true sense, before they lost it militarily. The Grand Duke may have had no responsibility for this failure to win the affections of the various races of Galicia. But the failure is taken in Russia as marking the beginning of the long series of disasters which necessitated the great retreat, and which certainly did something to shake the unbounded popular confidence in which the Grand Duke had been hitherto held.

Now, when the re-formation of the ministry took place this summer, and the new and very popular War Minister came into office, the whole situation was changed. It was distinctly an advance towards constitutionalism to have as War Minister a man determined to work heart and soul with the Duma and the people. Would it not also be a further step in the right direction to put the appointment of the supreme command into the hands of such a minister? And if so, how else could this be done than by the Tsar's volunteering himself to take the nominal command, as the only man who could without scandal supersede the Grand Duke—taking as his chief of staff no longer the best *soldier-prince*, but the best *soldier* Russia could produce?

This, it appears to me, is both a probable and a charitable view of the situation. And I feel convinced that we in England shall do most to help Russia at this moment of her re-birth by believing, until we have definite proof to the contrary, that both the Tsar himself as well as the Duma, the Russian people, and the Army, are motivated by the highest and most patriotic aims. For one who has, like myself, only recently returned from Russia, it is not only the most charitable, but the easiest thing to believe.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH WICKSTEED.

Letchworth, Herts. October 4th, 1915.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Legalist," says that the right to a "free and open trial" means that "the publicity attaching to the charge shall be afforded to the answer." I am sure he cannot have intended to suggest that there would be no deprivation of right if the charge itself, the whole of the proceedings, and the final decision of the court were kept from the public knowledge. A few weeks ago nobody would have believed that such a thing could be done in England, and even now most people are not aware that an order was made the other day by a magistrate, sitting *in camera*, to the effect that all the copies of certain documents found on certain premises should be destroyed. None of these documents and none of their authors were so much as named in open court. The order for destruction was made while the court was sitting within closed doors, and not even the fact that such an order was made has yet been published. The documents, which have now, I suppose, been burnt, included several pamphlets—some of them by fairly well-known writers. All the extant copies that were not found on the raided premises are presumably still in circulation among a public which has never been informed that they are adjudged to be dangerous and offensive. Now, whatever may be the case as to the interests of the authors and publishers, or the practical utility of the magistrate's action, or its legal validity, it is clear that a very important constitutional principle has been violated. The decisions of a court of law and the reasons for those decisions are the property of the public, and cannot be withheld from it without serious injury both to the public and to the courts themselves. To the public, because if we do not know how the law is interpreted we do not, for practical purposes, know what the law is. To the courts, because they are bound to lose in some degree the respect of the people, and even their own self-respect, if they persist in a course which cannot but suggest, even to the least suspicious mind, that their proceedings are not very well fitted to bear the light of criticism. The situation, in fact, is even graver than "Legalist" has shown it to be.—Yours, &c.,

S. V. BRACHER.

28, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
October 5th, 1915.

THE PREMEDITATED WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The irregularity of the mails must be my excuse for troubling you with this letter, but it seems worth while to confirm an article with the above heading which appeared in your issue of September 4th. In the September issue of "The World's Work," a magazine formerly edited by the present American Ambassador to Great Britain, a statement is made, which, up to the present at least, has not been denied, that in July, 1914, Germany proposed to the United States that she be included in the control of Haytian Customs. Under the Monroe doctrine the affairs of Hayti, and of San Domingo as well, are under the sole supervision of Washington. In his note on the subject Count von Bernstorff said that, while the Imperial Government was aware that the United States deemed inadvisable the participation of interested European Powers in the affairs of Hayti, it "must give heed to public opinion in Germany." The simplest solution would be to include the latter country, and, he added, "Germany would not understand any other arrangement." The answer was an unequivocal re-affirmation of the principles of the Monroe doctrine. The action of the German Government in making a demand that it must have known the United States would refuse was peculiarly characteristic, and the intimation that America should yield out of deference to German public opinion is almost ludicrous in its effrontery. The incident seems to show that Germany, if victorious in Europe, would not hesitate long in bringing pressure to bear upon the United States. It would seem as though, in July, 1914, when, as everyone knows, Germany was preparing for an immediate commencement of the war, she was so sure of vanquishing Europe before the following Christmas that she felt warranted in

making towards the United States what most people would regard as a threat.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. GRIFFITH THOMAS.

Toronto.

THE DESERT OF LONDON TOWN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is difficult to know what the writer of this article meant by his statement that "Only a few months ago the Hun in our midst demolished Johnson's house in Gough Square." I have just returned from a visit to the house, which I found intact and in beautiful order. The recent raids have not touched it, nor have any other raids done so, and the place remains as a charming memorial of the great doctor, and is well worth a visit.—Yours, &c.,

EDGAR BRICE PYMAR.

2, Brick Court, Temple. October 4th, 1915.

[We regret this inaccuracy, but are pleased to have it corrected.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE TAXATION OF RAILWAY FARES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think most people will, at least silently, agree with you in reprobating both the deplorable postponement till now to face the new taxation which was seen to be needed early this year, and the timid steps taken by the Government in the Budget in omitting to mark the seriousness of the financial situation by severer taxation. Four-and-a-half months ago this year's expenditure was estimated at 1,136 millions, now it is put at 1,590 millions, or an increase of 40 per cent., the expenditure being about eight times greater than before the war. It is clear that all estimating now is but optimistic guess-work, and control of expenditure is reduced to the recording of huge deficits.

Pursuing such estimates as are given us, it may be said roughly that the new taxation will cover the interest on the huge debt at the end of this fiscal year, but will not help to extinguish the debt. There is now a mass of money circulating in wages and otherwise in the country. Can it be said that the end of the wedge for the reduction of debt could be more easily inserted after peace when the reaction sets in? Obviously not. If novel taxation is now imposed and the war ceases next March, we shall be relieved from the dilemma of having to make further experiments in taxation simultaneously with the fall in the labor market. Should the war continue to March, 1917, we should roughly need a doubling of the recent new taxation to pay interest on the debt then amounting to, say, 4,000 millions, against 2,200 millions estimated for March, 1916. It is impossible to see what is to be gained by not sternly facing the menace of the burden of future taxation.

If the Government would honestly sketch out actuarially, on its own optimistic basis, to the nation the effect of such borrowings, further taxation would presumably be patiently borne. We take a pride in the stoicism of the Russians over their vast losses of men, cities, and territories, and flatter ourselves that we should behave just the same if the same ill-fate struck us; but, all the same, our rulers persist in hiding the grave announcement of a danger which they know must be in store (but which becomes smaller the tighter it is grasped) as though it were a piece of war news that might hearten the Germans, instead of realizing that nothing would convince them more of our strength and staying power than willingness to shoulder at once a full meed of taxation.

Whoever advocates increased taxation should be ready to indicate a source, show if it is practicable, and point out any special advantages. This can be done in the matter of railway travelling, which is obviously much resorted to now by many people who have no household responsibilities, but have money which is spent, instead of being saved for investment.

That a great deal of travelling is an unnecessary luxury is evident. At the outbreak of the war people's minds were so much impressed by imaginary hazards that for a month or more trains were extraordinarily empty, proving, if need were, that a great deal of travelling was pure luxury.

If a tax of 2d. in the 1s. were added to all railway fares

(except for daily workers) a good deal of travelling would presumably be stopped, reducing the number and the weight of trains, reducing the expenditure on the railways, setting free railway staff, and—probably most important of all—admitting renewed exports of coal to neutrals, to their satisfaction, and to the great advantage of our adverse foreign trade balance. The 2d. in the 1s. all-round increase in fares would probably protect the railway revenue from loss which would fall on the Government. It is possible that the Government neglected this line of taxation for fear of a loss of railway revenue, but the risk of the effect on the railways, which might just as probably be a gain in net revenue, ought certainly not to stand in the way of a policy which will have to be tested (at the Government's expense) sooner or later for revenue purposes; and it can hardly be doubted, with so many arguments in its favor, and such varied economic benefits in view, that it ought to be boldly tried at once by a Government that has successfully tackled such big financial ventures as the sugar purchase.

An argument in favor of railway fares taxation is that the economic result could be seen in, say, three months, and the plan modified as desired, under powers taken by the Executive (similar to those exercised in a minor degree by a railway manager in India), a legitimate innovation here in such critical times. As an ex-railway manager I have had experience in successfully raising, for revenue purposes, third-class fares in India which had been unduly lowered.—Yours, &c.,

R. S. STRACHEY.

Brooks's. October 5th, 1915.

THE WORKING OF THE MUNITIONS ACT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Munitions of War Act, 1915, was passed on July 2nd, for the purpose, the preamble tells us, of "furthering the efficient manufacture, transport, and supply of munitions," and its provisions are framed so as to increase output rapidly and without friction.

The public is familiar with the main outlines of the statute—with the control of armament firms, with the limitation of profits, with the relaxation of trade union restrictions, and with the fact that workshop rules may be made by the Minister of Munitions (or under his authority), the breach of any of which constitutes an offence under the Act.

The workman is tightly tied down by these rules; he must behave himself or run the risk of a £3 fine to be inflicted by a Munitions Tribunal—and one would have imagined that this should satisfy even the most school-masterish employer. But, in fact, it does not. There is section seven to his hand, and he does not forget it.

Section seven is described as the "prohibition of the employment of persons who have left work in munition factories," and it is not difficult to discover the mischief at which it is intended to strike.

It is plainly and unmistakably intended to prevent other employers from luring away workmen from armament firms by the offer of higher wages or otherwise. This is clearly the main object; and in aid of this it is also sought to prevent a munitions employee from casually throwing up his job and seeking work elsewhere.

Or, to put the matter in another light, the section is framed so as to enable the munitions employer to retain the services of a valued workman, even against his will.

And this is how these objects are to be attained:—

Any employer who engages a man within six weeks of his leaving a munitions firm may be fined £50, unless the man has a certificate from the munition firm stating that the man left with their consent.

On the other hand, if a man without a certificate does manage to obtain employment he commits no offence under this Act, no matter how many lies he tells in the process. He will probably come within the meshes of the curious unrepealed "Servant's Character Act," 1792, supposing it not to be obsolete; but that is another question—what I emphasize here is the intention of the section.

Intention is one thing, and achievement is another, and

application is a third—and this is where the employer comes in.

The certificate, as we have said, is to state that the man left with the consent of the munition employer.

One would naturally suppose that a man who had been dismissed, kicked out, sacked, had left so entirely with the consent of his employer, that, fined or unfined, he would, at any rate, be entitled to his "consent certificate."

But no! Neither under this Act, nor under any other, nor by common law, is the employer bound to give a certificate. He cannot be compelled to put into writing a statement of fact that he cannot deny.

So this is what happens: A man is dismissed; the employer refuses the certificate—"A bad workman! Let him rot!"—and for six weeks the man is unemployable, starving perhaps, degenerating certainly—and this at a time when every workman is needed, even the indifferent.

The man may appeal to a Munitions Tribunal, which has a wide discretion (to be exercised judicially, we presume), and may obtain his certificate there. But the astonishing thing is that (in Yorkshire, at any rate) the Munitions Tribunals are taking the same line as the employers, and deliberately preventing men who have misbehaved from obtaining employment. Surely, a more vindictive, or a more harmful, punishment could hardly be devised than this—and assuredly the legislature never intended it. The matter can easily be cured by a direction to the Munitions Tribunals that they must grant a certificate to a man who has, in fact, left with consent.

Meanwhile, where are the trade unions?—Yours, &c.,

ARMAMENT WORKER.

Poetry.

CHILD LOVERS.

Six summers old was she, and when she came
Her head was in an everlasting flame;
The golden fire it licked her neck and face,
But left no mark of soot in any place.

When this young thing had seen her lover boy,
She threw her arms around his neck for joy;
Then, paired like hazel nuts, those two were seen
To make their way towards the meadows green.

Now, to a field they came at last, which was
So full of buttercups they hid the grass;
'Twas fit for kings to meet, and councils hold—
You never saw so fine a cloth of gold.

Then in a while they to a green park came,
A captain owned it, and they knew his name;
And what think you those happy children saw?
The big, black horse that once was in a war.

Now soon she tied her lover with some string,
And laughed, and danced around him in a ring;
He, like a flower that gossamer has tied,
Stood standing quiet there, and full of pride.

Lord, how she laughed! Her golden ringlets shook
As fast as lambs' tails, when those youngsters suck;
Sweeter than that enchantress laughed, when she
Shut Merlin fast forever in a tree.

As they went home, that little boy began:
"Love me and, when I'm a big sailor-man,
I'll bring you home more coral, silk, and gold,
Than twenty-five four-funnelled ships could hold.

"And fifty coffins carried to their grave,
Will not have half the lilies you shall have:
Now say at once that you will be my love—
And have a pearl ten stallions could not move."

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Forty Years in Constantinople." By Sir Edwin Pears. (Jenkins. 16s. net.)
- "Lee's Confidential Despatches to Davis." Edited by D. S. Freeman. (Putnam. 16s. net.)
- "A History of Latin Literature." By M. S. Dimadale. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
- "Maurice Maeterlinck, Poet and Philosopher." By Macdonald Clark. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Isabel of Castile and the Making of the Spanish Nation." By Irene L. Plunket. (Putnam. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Forty Years of 'Spy.'" By Leslie Ward. (Chatto & Windus. 16s. net.)
- "A Woman in the Sahara." By Helen G. Gordon. (Heinemann. 6s. net.)
- "Lance Falconer." By E. M. Phillippe. (Nisbet. 6s. net.)
- "The Author's Craft." By Arnold Bennett. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Eltham House." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Cassell. 6s.)
- "The Extra Day." By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s.)
- "At the Door of the Gate." By Forrest Reid. (Arnold. 6s.)

SOME people, I have noticed, think it a mark of superiority to speak and write a little contemptuously of books about books. This prejudice is not so common as it used to be, but it exists. Those who share it argue that as literature is the reflection of life, to bother about the reflection of that reflection is waste of time. Or they maintain that many of these books about books are nothing but gossip about the lives of their authors. Why, they ask, should one find a man's life more interesting because he happens to write good prose or good verse? We are only concerned with the product, and the temperament of the man who produced it matters little. There is truth in this, but it needs qualification. Life's motives and results sometimes show themselves more clearly in literature than anywhere else, and the adventures of the soul among masterpieces are of at least as much interest as other adventures. For my own part, I confess that I am continually in need of interpreters and other helps in order to enjoy the great creative writers. And what is more, I find these interpreters immensely enjoyable themselves. Think of the array of writers who have written little else than books about books, and of the mass of good reading that would be lost if they were ruled out.

THERE is even something to be said for those personal details about famous writers which seem so trivial to superior minds. "I have observed," says Addison, in the opening sentence of the "Spectator," "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of it be a black man or a fair, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." In spite of Addison's irony, readers who like to possess this information need not be fools. Sainte-Beuve—who is, I believe, one of Mr. Balfour's favorite authors—took literature with sufficient seriousness, and he would be a bold man who condemned the thousand or so of literary portraits to be found in Sainte-Beuve's forty volumes as superfluous. And listen to Sainte-Beuve's description of how he approached a writer whom he wished to understand:—

"To understand a man, that is to say something quite different from a pure spiritual essence, you cannot employ too many processes, or take hold of your object by too many ends. So long as you have not asked a certain number of questions about an author, and received answers, you cannot be sure that you have grasped him wholly. What did he think in matters of religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he conduct himself towards women? What was his everyday manner of life? None of the answers to these questions is to be neglected if you would judge the author of a book and the book itself."

THE literary portrait, then, even when it is filled with personal details, needs no apology. When carried a stage further, it has still its merits, and such books as Pater's "Imaginary Portraits" and Marcel Schwob's "Vies

Imaginaires" are perfectly legitimate. I have more doubts about Mr. Frank Harris's "Contemporary Portraits," which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen. For Mr. Harris gives no hint that there is anything imaginary in the conversations which he records with the famous men who form the subjects of his portraits. Mr. Harris is a writer of talent whose position in journalism and his powers of talking and thinking made it easy for him to have many distinguished acquaintances. One can well believe that Oscar Wilde depended on him, that he helped Richard Middleton, encouraged John Davidson, and was praised by George Meredith, exchanged jokes with Whistler (who was rather a Protectionist than a Free Trader at this kind of exchange), and hob-nobbed with Verlaine. Our belief is more strained when we learn that Matthew Arnold craved his advice, that Renan begged—and was refused—his praise, and that Browning admitted to him the envy he felt at the social place which Lowell enjoyed. But when Mr. Harris assures us that, during a walk in Hyde Park, Carlyle told him "bit by bit the incredible story" of his married relations with Mrs. Carlyle, we are sceptical. That Carlyle should have chosen Mr. Harris, of all men, as the confidant of matters which he never discussed with Froude or Lecky or his closest friends, is a story that at least demands the strongest evidence. Carlyle is dead and cannot deny anything Mr. Harris may be pleased to say, but what is to be said of the sayer?

It is vain, said Mark Twain, to expect too much from the good end of a bad banana, but if one is ready to throw all scruples about veracity to the winds, one can get some amusement from Mr. Harris's essays in creative portraiture. He is full of condescension to his sitters. They are ready to feed out of Mr. Harris's hand. Browning is almost the only exception. "His quiet reserved manner fenced him off from even my enthusiastic admiration." What was Mr. Harris to do with a man who "kept the quiet manners and reserve of the ordinary gentleman"? Disconcerted but not deterred, he tells us "again and again I tried to find out something about the married life of the Brownings," hoping, it would seem, that the fruit of his researches would be the discovery that, as was said of another couple, "they fought bitter and regular, like man and wife." Nor was Mr. Harris's persistence entirely unrewarded. "A short time ago, however, I met a relative of the Tennysons, who told me that she had heard from the poet laureate that the Brownings often quarrelled like ordinary folk." With patience and perseverance much can be accomplished, and we now have it from Mr. Harris, who had it from a lady, who had it from Tennyson, that, for all his assumption (in Mr. Harris's presence) of the quiet manners and reserve of "the ordinary gentleman," Browning sometimes quarrelled with his wife.

SOME of Mr. Harris's most amusing pages are those in which he records his conversations with Renan. One gets from them a picture of Renan as a sort of huge cat, greedily lapping up the saucerfuls of flattery which Mr. Harris bestows. But Mr. Harris will give no more than he feels is deserved. "His cawing like a hungry baby-rook for a morsel of praise stiffened me," and gently but firmly Mr. Harris proceeds to explain the artistic defects in the "Life of Jesus" to its author. Oddly enough, Renan was so superficial as to dismiss Mr. Harris's objections as insignificant. Mr. Harris takes the appropriate revenge, and leaves him in his ignorance. "It was not worth while to correct his illimitable conceit." Matthew Arnold, who admitted to Mr. Harris that Renan had been always his teacher, proved to be similarly mistaken in his self-estimate. Scarcely more than a graceful singer of commonplaces, he might have been something better "had not his Puritanism debased his judgment and destroyed his intellectual honesty." It was this "debasing Puritanism" that led him to write "vulgar and vicious nonsense" about Keats, and made him praise Milton even at the cost of truth. "Poor Matthew Arnold, how heavily handicapped he was by birth, how ill brought up!" These portraits show us more of Mr. Harris than of his sitters, and the spectator is moved to repeat the last sentence with a change of name.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

AN IRISH "EVERYMAN."

- "The Book of Irish Poetry." Edited by A. P. GRAVES.
 "Legends of Saints and Sinners." Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
 "Humors of Irish Life." Edited by CHARLES L. GRAVES.
 "Irish Orators and Oratory." Edited by T. M. KETTLE.
 "Wild Sports of the West." By W. H. MAXWELL.
 Introduction by the EARL OF DUNRAVEN.
 "Thomas Davis: Selections from his Prose and Poetry."
 Introduction by T. W. ROLLESTON.
 (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net each.)

"So miserably off is the country for books," Thomas Davis wrote of Ireland about seventy years ago, "that we have it before us on some authority that there are ten counties in Ireland without a single bookseller in them." Even to-day Ireland is anything but a country of bookshops. The stationers in the country towns have usually a little stock of the sixpenny classics and other sixpenny literature on their counters, but it is not easy to find a real bookshop outside the cities, such as Dublin, Belfast, and Cork. Probably, however, even the present position of Ireland as regards books and bookshops would have seemed a glorious improvement to Davis. Certainly, if Ireland is lacking in bookshops, she has made up for it by producing a never-ceasing abundance of books. She is a nation of writers if not of readers. On the whole, her output of literature during the present generation will compare favorably with that of any other country during the same period. It is curious that Ireland should have attained eminence in English literature only at a time when she was setting herself to revive the Irish language. She had previously given a host of writers to English literature in Burke and Goldsmith and Sheridan, and those part-Irishmen, Swift and Sterne. But nearly all of them had ceased to be Irish in becoming men of letters. James Clarence Mangan was the only Irish poet of genius writing in the English language before our own time who would have been a foreigner in London. Perhaps, in a measure, Sir Samuel Ferguson may be classed with him, but his genius is hardly universal in the degree Mangan's is. We cannot understand on what principle Mr. A. P. Graves has included only five of Mangan's poems in "The Book of Irish Poetry," while he has given as great a number, or even more, by several inferior poets. Any Irish anthology which omits, as Mr. Graves does, Mangan's "O, Woman of the Piercing Wail," his "Karamanian's Exile," his "Gone in the Wind," his "Nameless One," his "Kathleen Ny-Houlahan," is doing less than justice to the Irish achievement in poetry.

It may be replied that a good anthology aims, not at giving all the best of any one poet, but at giving something from all the best poets. But what we complain about in most Irish anthologists is that not only do they leave out a great amount of good poetry, but that they include a great deal that is not poetry at all. Mr. Graves admirably observes that much of the poetry written by the Young Ireland school was mere "versified oratory." It is odd that so open-eyed a critic should not have seen that much of the poetry he himself has chosen is mere versified sentimentality. Why is it that Irish anthologists go on inviting us to read stuff like Banim's "Soggarth Arcon"? It is an affectionate address to the Irish priest, and may be of sociological interest, but it has no more literary value than a dish of stewed prunes. Here, for instance, is the closing verse:—

"Och! you, and only you,
 Soggarth arcon!
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth arcon!
 Our love they'd never shake,
 When for ould Ireland's sake
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth arcon."

At a ballad-concert, perhaps, this would pass, but in what other country except Ireland would it be included in an anthology of poetry? Unfortunately, there is plenty more as had in this volume, and in the majority of similar Irish

anthologies. What could be more commonplace than Keegan's "Dark Girl by the Holy Well," with its opening:—

"Mother! is that the passing bell,
 Or yet the midnight chime?
 Or rush of angels' golden wings?
 Or is it near the time—
 The time when God, they say, comes down
 This weary world upon,
 With Holy Mary at His right,
 And at His left St. John?"

Verse of this quality may be all very well in recitation books and hymn-books. But it injures the reputation of Irish genius that the world should be told that this is representative of what the Irish have achieved in literature. Unhappily, Mr. Graves has been even more tolerant of the mediocre in his selection of living poets than in his selection from the dead. Fifty per cent. of the poets he quotes from ought not to be reprinted in an anthology at all. It is only fair to add, however, that our quarrel is not with Mr. Graves in particular but with Irish anthologists in general. What we should like to see is an anthology of Irish verse into which nothing would be admitted which was not good poetry. Mr. Graves has undoubtedly chosen much that is pure gold. Mr. Yeats and A. E., Mr. Colum and Mr. James Stephens, Miss Alice Milligan and Mrs. Hinkson, are all represented by beautiful and distinguished work. The anthology is also notable for the number of translations from the Irish it contains. Miss Hull's "Poem-book of the Gael" and Professor Kuno Meyer's "Ancient Irish Poetry" are already treasures in this kind; but it is interesting to have so many new translations in verse of old masterpieces. At the same time, we greatly prefer the old prose translation of "The Breastplate of St. Patrick" to the verse translation we are given here. And we may say the same of the translations of "Amergin" and Columcille's lament for Ireland.

Mr. Graves's anthology is one of half-a-dozen volumes in a new series, entitled, "Every Irishman's Library," which has our cordial wishes for its success. It will aim, we take it, at being a kind of Irish "Everyman"—a difficult ideal for many reasons. The editor of a popular English library sets out with the advantage that nearly all the good books are by dead authors, and are out of copyright, whereas the editor of an Irish venture of the kind labors under the disadvantage that a great proportion of the books he would like to include are still copyright. Even the translations of the Irish classics—the story-cycles of Cuchullain and the Fianna—are for the most part copyright. As a result the editors of the present series have apparently arranged for a greater number of anthologies than is usual in libraries of the sort. There is, for example, Mr. C. L. Graves's selection of humorous sketches and stories, "Humors of Irish Life." Here we range from the irresponsibilities of Maginn and Lever down to the irresponsibilities of "George A. Birmingham" and the authors of the immortal "Experiences of an Irish R.M." We do not say "down" in any disparaging sense. We do not regard Canon Hannay as inferior to Dr. Maginn, and we infinitely prefer the "Irish R.M." to even the best of Lever. It is extraordinary how much of Irish humor is really Anglo-Irish. It is an expression of the animal spirits of a wild aristocracy which regarded the lives of the "natives" as topsy-turvy comical. It is also a picture, often realistic enough, of a race expert in hiding its deeper self and in acting the entertainer. The "Irish R.M.," after all, has only imperfect sympathies with Irish realities. If one wishes to get a poetic understanding of the comedy of Irish life, one has to turn to a sketch like Mr. Colum's "Maelshaughlinn at the Fair."

Lord Dunraven, in his introduction to Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West," treats the author as the forerunner of all the famous writers of humorous Irish fiction. We are glad to have the book in this new edition, however, not only for its gay laughter, but as a social document concerning the West of Ireland in the early part of last century. Dr. Douglas Hyde's collection of Irish Christian folklore, "Legends of Saints and Sinners," has also a documentary as well as a literary value. Students of folklore, however, will turn to the same editor's "Religious Songs of Connacht" rather than to the present book, which will be found delightful and entertain-

ing by the general reader. Many of the stories are more or less universal legends in an Irish form concerning Jesus and Peter and Mary and Solomon. There is, for example, the story of the soldier at the tomb who assures the Magdalen that Christ is dead:—

"I was here," said the guard. "I kept watch and ward.

Why seek ye the truth to smother?

I've a nice little cock, who boils here in my pot—

And the one is as dead as the other.

"I've a nice little cock who boils here in my pot,

While the camp looks on and sees us.

And until the cock rises out of the pot,

He never shall rise, your Jesus."

With that the dead cock flew out of the pot,

And clapped with his wings, loud crowing.

"Ochone!" cried the man, and his features grew wan,

"Then Jesus is up and doing."

The legend containing this incident, as Dr. Hyde reminds us, is "celebrated even more in Irish art than in Irish story and song," and most visitors to old Irish churches must have come upon it carved in stone. Other legends in the book are more definitely Irish, like the story of St. Patrick's meeting with the ancient Irish pagan bard whom English readers know as Ossian. We may quote a typical passage of this dramatization of the conflict between Christianity and paganism—paganism which long retained a warm corner in the Irish heart:—

"Oisín," says he, "let me baptize you."

"Oh, what good would that do me?" says Oisín.

"Oisín," says St. Patrick, "unless you let me baptize you, you will go to hell, where the rest of the Fenians are."

"If," says Oisín, "Diarmaid and Goll were alive for me, and the king that was over the Fenians, if they were to go to hell, they would bring the devil and his forge up out of it on their back."

"Listen, O grey-haired and senseless Oisín, think upon God, and bow your knee, and let me baptize you."

"Patrick," says Oisín, "for what did God damn all that [amount] of people?"

"For eating the apple of commandment," says St. Patrick.

"If I had known that your God was so narrow-sighted that he damned all that of people for one apple, we would have sent three horses and a mule carrying apples to God's heaven to him."

Perhaps, in these post-Voltairean days, the argument has lost some of its quaintness. But this story comes not from modern, but from medieval Ireland. It is characteristic of the way in which the Irish imagination refused to forget the ancient pagan world. Dr. Hyde gives it as his opinion that in Ireland "the amount of folk-stories which are wholly conditioned by Christianity, or largely based upon Christian conceptions, would be . . . about one story in four, or one story in five."

The remaining two volumes in the library are in a measure political. Thomas Davis's "Essays and Poems" is a volume which, from a literary point of view, is only of minor interest. As a book of Irish Nationalism, however, it is a kind of piecemeal gospel. Davis, who died in 1845, before he was thirty-one, has been called "the saint of Irish nationality." His writings in "The Nation" were richer in constructive ideas in regard to education, politics, and almost every other aspect of nation-building than any Irish journalism before or since. He was not a party politician, but one who held up an ideal of character, knowledge, and conciliation as the very essence of Nationalism. Had Ireland a Davis to-day, even the Ulstermen, we believe, would be conscious of his spell. In some ways, however, the most delightful of all the volumes in "Every Irishman's Library" is Professor Kettle's "Irish Oratory and Orators." Burke and Sheridan may seem strangers in such a collection, but they are in the true tradition of Irish eloquence and love of liberty—at least the Burke and Sheridan of these speeches. Professor Kettle in a brilliant introduction puts forward a plea for rhetoric, and the speeches he has chosen are mighty arguments on the same side. How Irishmen must have thrilled under the happy grandiloquence of Thomas Goold, the Anglo-Irish barrister, who in 1799 inveighed against the threatened Union with England:—

"There are 40,000 British troops in Ireland, and with 40,000 bayonets at my breast, the ministers shall not plant

another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstrations of Nature to assert that Ireland was destined to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, comes direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the World has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of Nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, and, by God, she never shall!"

And how the Young Irelanders must have glowed half-a-century later, as Thomas Francis Meagher uttered his famous "Sword Speech" in reply to the pacifist politics of O'Connell in Conciliation Hall! Meagher's defence of the use of the sword seems oddly suited to the present moment, with its peroration concerning the liberation of Belgium:—

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt. My lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern itself—not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the priceless gift was purchased by effusion of generous blood. My lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I for one will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor, the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies. . ."

But John O'Connell could stand it no longer, and an interruption from him resulted in Meagher and his followers trooping out of the hall. Grattan, Flood, Curran, O'Connell, Butt, Parnell—they are all here, and their personality still lives in their words; and though Michael Davitt was little of an artist, few modern men have spoken more nobly than he in his farewell to the House of Commons during the Boer War, when he declared that he would not purchase Home Rule itself by conniving at the destruction of the liberty of the Boer Republics. To-day, alas! we are all insistent upon the levels of commonsense in the speeches of public men. This volume of Mr. Kettle's makes one's mouth water for the ancient eloquence. As Mr. Kettle says, nowadays "we are in graver peril from littleness than from bigness. We may well regard with tolerance any evangel which, however it may miss the centre of supreme accomplishment, helps to keep alive the guttered and flickering candles of idealism." How fine a volume of wit and rhetoric, by the way, a collection of Professor Kettle's own speeches would make!

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It is a careful, scholarly piece of work, with little, save in the title, of the flamboyant style common to the biographers of national or other heroes. Miss Lees could not avoid calling Alfred "the Great," and to call him "the truth-teller" does not fall short of the truth, though it involves a somewhat invidious comparison with the veracity of other English rulers. But the phrase "maker of England" seems to imply a claim which we do not think Miss Lees intends to make. Many people—including "the people"—have a claim to be regarded as makers of England. No one person can pretend to have been the maker of England without palpable absurdity. Miss Lees does not in her text put forward any such hypothesis: she quotes with apparent approval Stubbs's classification of Alfred with Canute, William the Conqueror, Henry II., and Edward I. as one of the "conscious creators of England's greatness." It is characteristic of Stubbs's medieval mind that he should bring the line of England's creators to a close with Edward I., and imply that there have been no conscious creators of England's greatness since England began its prolonged recession in the fourteenth century; and it is characteristic of the pre-democratic ages of historical writing that the circle of England's makers should be limited to her kings.

Granted these limitations of comparison, Alfred may well be called one of England's makers and classed with Canute, William the Conqueror, Henry II., and Edward I. But there is a further consideration, the neglect of which vitiates all historical judgment. The Rhone and the Rhine are great rivers, but they are not made great by the streams which descend on either side of the Furka Pass. They owe their greatness to the many streams from other sources which join them during their progress. So England owes its greatness less to Anglo-Saxon origins and kings than to the multitudinous influences which have continued to flow into the stream of English history from the earliest to the latest age. A little thing may dam a mountain rivulet, and the physical details which divert some of the rain on the Furka into the Mediterranean and some into the North Sea may be minute. But it would require a mighty effort to divert the Rhine or the Rhone from their lower reaches. So a feeble impulse or a feeble king, operating in the early days of English history, may produce considerable effects; and it is easier to believe that Alfred's work was important than that he was great.

His greatness depended upon the subsequent course of events, just as our notions of the importance of river-sources are derived from the volume to which they swell. But a river is not made great by its source, and England was not made great by her primitive kings. The subsequent magnitude throws a reflection of greatness back on the past, and Alfred's great fame is a work of gigantic legend with little foundation in fact. His real achievements, which Miss Lees analyzes and sets forth with acuteness and restraint, would never have earned him his popular title. That depends upon his imaginary creation of England's navy and system of local government, his establishment of trial by jury, his foundation of Oxford University, and a host of pious frauds and fancies. Miss Lees's task has been to summarize the critical work of the last generation, to put it into more or less popular form, and to differentiate the legendary grounds of Alfred's greatness from the solid importance of his historical work.

In a sense such a book can hardly be popular. The picturesque details of Alfred's career are almost without exception of doubtful authenticity; and sound materials for a stirring biography, such as exist in abundance for heroes of more modern times, are lacking. Most of the scholar's work consists in sifting and discussing dubious sources and contradictory statements; and the greater part of Miss Lees's volume is devoted to criticism of the various MSS. of the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, Asser's "Life of Alfred," and the King's own writings. The book is most original, perhaps, in the extent to which she has used Alfred's literary work to throw light on his career. But it is bound to be largely a matter of conjecture and controversy. Even so fundamental and simple a fact as the date of Alfred's death remains uncertain, though Miss Lees follows the better opinion in placing it in October, 899, instead of 900 or 901, the date popularly accepted and selected for the millenary

celebration in 1901. Scanty historical materials inevitably lead to long archeological arguments, sometimes with the uninspiring conclusion, "after all, it matters little" (p. 122). This is not Miss Lees's fault, and we commend the moderation of her final judgment on Alfred's work (p. 426):—

"Elaborated by Edward the Elder and Athelstan, by Edmund and Edgar and Ethelred II., the system was strong enough to withstand the double shock of the Danish and Norman conquests of the eleventh century. If Alfred had fallen at Ethandun, it can hardly be doubted that England would have become Scandinavian, and her lot would have been cast with the northern European nations; while, if Alfred's 'code' had never been compiled, the Latin element would, almost inevitably, have predominated in English law. But for Alfred, too, English might never have become a literary language. He rescued, restored, and transmitted the scattered fragments of past achievement, historical, intellectual, and political. The Anglo-Saxon chronicle, the laws, and the four great translations are his abiding monuments."

A judgment such as this does not err on the side of extravagance; but even here historic doubts come creeping in. Did the system withstand the double shock of the Danish and Norman conquests? And if it did, was not the resistance—to the Norman conquest at least—due rather to the Danish infusion than to the original Saxon stock? England north of the Thames stood out better than Wessex, and historians have regarded the north as the soundest part of the kingdom. If the Danish infusion had been more complete, might not the resistance have been more successful? Is not there a hiatus between the assumption that England did not cast in her lot with the northern European nations and that the Latin element did not predominate in English law? And is either assumption correct? If we are not a northern, we are certainly not a southern European nation, and the Anglo-Saxon element in English law is marvellously slight. We agree, however, that Alfred's abiding monuments are literary, but that is surely an unpopular foundation for the fame of a national hero.

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kind of inspired prophet of human brotherhood, for that synthesis in human relationship with which Mr. Marriott's novels are so often preoccupied. Harry had adopted the term "Davenport" in his youth to account for the incomprehensible division in his psychology, until the dramatization had gathered a momentum that was beyond his control. The process of disintegration between the normal and abnormal Harry is intensified through the machinations (there is no other word for it) of Betty Orme, a friend of his and of the narrator's. The obsession of her otherwise quite worldly and charming temperament is to receive a communication from her dead sister, Hilda. Divining that Harry is a "sensitive," she uses him and her "planchette" in the most unscrupulous fashion as instruments towards her purpose. The consequence is that Harry entirely loses the identity of his other consciousness. The two halves of Harry's personality break apart, and Davenport becomes to Harry a separate spiritual influence. It is from this point that Mr. Marriott's artistry becomes quite extraordinarily acute. Harry begins to feel the mysteriousness of Davenport, who is writing the articles of a seer in the Press. He is always looking for him anxiously, and wondering why he cannot find him. The reaction inevitably affects Davenport's work. From being

"a perfectly simple human being, of not more than average intelligence, but with keen and absolutely unbiased perceptions, and the power of saying in clear and graceful language exactly what he feels, sees, and hears,"

his mind grows cloudy and distracted. From being a kind of gentle "moralometer" his work gets harsher and cruder—more normally human, in fact. Indeed, "the direct observation of Harry" begins to intrude "upon the intuition of Davenport." One may observe here, in parenthesis, that, though "Davenport" is rather remote from Mr. Marriott's usual preoccupations, he has in this one sentence, crystallized his philosophy, and, at the same time, brought it to bear, with the most delicate suggestion, upon the relevance of his new work. The rest of the book is occupied with the gradual reconciliation between the conflicting personalities—effected finally and irrevocably by a simple experiment in "psycho-therapy."

Nothing could be more unjust to Mr. Marriott's theme and treatment than this inadequate summary. In it we have made no mention of Anne Courtney, who symbolically stands for the synthesizing agent between Harry and Davenport and, psychologically, as an exquisite figure of confident, unambiguous, supremely honest womanhood. Indeed, quite apart from the spiritual implications of his subject, his way of manoeuvring his characters—Cator, the chorus who tells the story, the Courtneys, the Ormes, and Harry—with the utmost economy of means and by the aid of revealing "sidelights and reflections," is one of the most adroit pieces of craftsmanship we have ever encountered in contemporary fiction. As in all instances where the genuine artist is at work, the characters write each other's biographies; their creator is merely a spectator in their evolutions. Nor is Mr. Marriott's mature skill any the less wonderful (we use the term advisedly) in his manipulation of the central scheme. As we said before, he has not quite achieved the supreme triumph of art over his material. But, consider its complications! Consider the intricacy necessary for suggesting a philosophy of actual life, of human conflict, and of what we may call super-consciousness, while, at the same time, avoiding the commonplace appeal of dabbling in the "occult." As an example of sheer virtuosity (in its aesthetic and undebased connotation) the way in which Mr. Marriott preserves his non-committal and sceptical attitude towards occultism and opens avenues of potential illumination by stating the facts and not the theories about it, is remarkable. He keeps his head steadily in a region where anybody might be excused for losing it. And he handles the vast terrain of his enterprise, vast in its metaphysical scope, with a dexterity which, in these days of inchoate and prodigal (as to means rather than end) literature, we cannot sufficiently admire. The intrusion of the war is certainly a hiatus in his workmanship. Even though Mr. Marriott has set off in a few strokes the terrible headiness and casualness of the combatants up to the cataclysm of 1914, the war, like a clumsy bumble-bee, breaks

a few threads in the speculative fabric of the book. But for that and the sense that Mr. Marriott's indirect method has almost too burdensome a strain upon it, "Davenport" is unquestionably one of the distinctive achievements of the twentieth century.

A PASTORAL ROMANCE.

"Guy and Pauline." By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Secker. 6s.)

MR. MACKENZIE must, on the whole, be accounted the fount and origin of the realistic movement among the youngest novelists. Some would say Mr. Bennett; but his is a less decorous, a more epical and traditional method than theirs. He treads in the clay of the Midlands; they carry the grey and peeled millstone of the Universities. And so the rather ambiguous honors are with Mr. Mackenzie. It is the more curious, therefore, that a writer who has been responsible for a certain fashion, should not only be able to disport himself at ease in other meads, but make these digressions much better and more readable than his more important themes. In our opinion, for instance, "The Passionate Elopement," the first of Mr. Mackenzie's novels and an exercise in highly artificial eighteenth-century sentimental comedy, is a far more acceptable burnt-offering to the Muses than the vast holocaust of *Sinister Street*. And now—surely a versatile craftsman—he turns his hand to a prosy idyll, a pastoral eclogue, a delicate fantasy, with *Guy and Pauline* in the parts of Strephon and Chloe.

Guy Hazelwood is the symbol of this transformation. He is metamorphosed from the sententious undergraduate of *Sinister Street*, so desperately anxious to be an accredited cynic, to the romantic, downy young Orlando of "Guy and Pauline." Pauline is one of the three daughters of the Rev. Mr. Grey, a pottering, simple botanical enthusiast. And it is interesting to observe how the three sisters, the serenely austere Monica, the shadowy Margaret, and the blithe and fanciful Pauline, "a 'faery' child" (as our old friend, Michael Fane, who also reappears, calls her), remind us of D'Annunzio's "The Virgins of the Rocks." Both have the effect of a decorative panelling, a sculpturesque study in attitudes. D'Annunzio's Virgins are the more chiselled, the more finely and classically æsthetic. They are the embodiment of that arrested motion perfectly captured in "For ever must thou love and she be fair." Mr. Mackenzie's sisters are more tapestry than marble—more mobile, more shifting and ephemeral. Their epitaph is from "The Statue and the Bust":—

"So weeks grew months, years; gleam by gleam
The glory faded from their youth and love,
And both perceived they had dreamed a dream."

For all that, the artistic setting is something of the same thing. Guy, then, goes to Plasher's Mead in Oxfordshire, to write poetry on £150 a year and with numerous Oxford debts trailing behind him. And the rest of the book is pure lyrical romance—the romance of the engagement between Guy and Pauline. Neither of them has any experience of life; neither of them possesses or cares to possess the slightest knowledge of each other's psychology; they love each other, not as personalities, but as mutually triumphant expressions of the emotion of abstract love. Mr. Mackenzie shows considerable dexterity and some felicity in suggesting the dewy, matutinal enchantment of first love—a love without terrors or trials or sublimities or even passion—a love which rhymes "blisses" with "kisses." Naturally enough, the rude world buffets into this Arcadia. Guy's lofty disregard of his career and the dragon of debts effectively keep the golden apples of marriage out of reach. The strain of a long engagement imparts a feverish quality to a love or rather dalliance, which, whatever its charm, could not be more durable than primroses. This is the way Pauline puts it:—

"She tried to search in the past of this love for the occasion of the divergence. It must be her own fault. It was she who had behaved foolishly and impetuously, who had always supposed that her mother and sisters knew nothing about love, who had been to Guy all through their engagement utterly useless. It was she who had stopped Guy from becoming a schoolmaster to help his father; it

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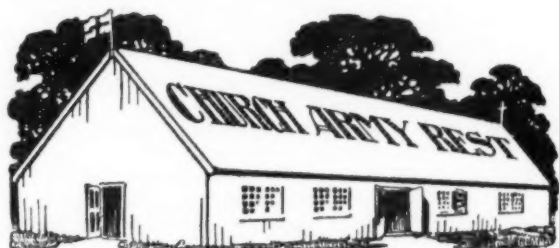
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crushed the fair land of Poland.*

AN area seven times the size of Belgium has been ravaged four times by the Germans. Millions are homeless and starving. Old men and women have lost the roofs over their heads, and when children stretch out their thin arms, crying for bread, their mothers can only answer with tears.

The spectre of hunger has cast its withering hands over the vast land between the Niemen and the Carpathians. Workmen have lost their work, for all the workshops and factories are shut. The plough is rusting for want of use, for the labourer has been robbed of tools and seed. Epidemics have spread throughout the country, and the domestic hearth is extinguished.

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Yes; every nation has this right in the name of humanity. But Poland has the right also in the name of her historic past. During centuries Poland was the messenger of progress, the defender of the oppressed. Wherever great disasters struck the peoples, bringing hunger and need, Polish offerings flowed thither. Let the Polish towns and villages spring to life again from their ruins! Let Polish hearts know other feelings than pain, let the voice of Poland not only speak in a sigh! Let Polish mothers be able to give their children something more than tears!

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was she who had discouraged him from accepting that post in Persia. As Pauline looked back these two years she saw herself at every cross-road in Guy's career standing to persuade him towards the wrong direction. Then, too, occurred the dreadful problem of religion. It was she who had not resisted his inclination to laugh at what she knew was true. It was she who had most easily and most weakly surrendered, so that it was natural for him to treat her faith as something more conventional than real."

And so the engagement is broken off.

Now, this self-conscious apology of Pauline's is sheer nonsense, and insincere nonsense. She broke off her engagement with Guy, because it was no longer good enough, because it was becoming perilous, because, having had her money's worth in sentiment she was not prepared to pay the piper in marriage. She was as sick as Guy himself of idle languishment. And this point throws open the whole motive of the novel to criticism. A certain lack of feeling in Mr. Mackenzie's work does, it is true, emphasize the decorative effect. That is all very well. But the author cannot avoid the intrusion of modern considerations. Guy and Pauline are modern people in a modern environment. And they cannot escape modern responsibilities by posing as the shepherd and shepherdess of the past. So that, judged from that point of view, they wear very thin. They are, in fact, a study in pathetic futility, and Mr. Mackenzie would not have weakened the delicacy, and would have vastly strengthened the significance of his book, if he had made this perfectly clear. As it is, we are apt to lose patience with the lovers, Guy for his wilful fostering of an illusion, and Pauline for her lack of character, her deliberate egoism and self-indulgence, her evasion of the consequences, and her acceptance of a situation with which she is entirely unable to cope. No wonder that her part of the engagement ends in sheer hysteria—no wonder his in relief, for all he may pretend to himself afterwards that it was really grief. In fact, the most convincing part of Mr. Mackenzie's romance lies in the last half-a-dozen pages, when, having lived an unconscionable time in a fool's paradise, they make the best of their way out of it.

We are not sure that so tenuous a theme would not have received more appropriate treatment in a short, semi-ironical poem, rather than in a novel of nearly four hundred pages. However that may be, Mr. Mackenzie has greatly increased the resources and flexibility of his style. Which is just as well, for, with such slight material, he has to lean on it rather heavily. But he is still apt to fall back on juvenile shifts. To speak of an evening's reading as a "vesper-time lectionary" is one of them.

THE PLEASURES OF FEELING.

"A Woman's Experiences in the Great War." By LOUISE MACK (Mrs. Creed). (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE outward history of the first few months of the war has by this time been hammered into a variety of shapes by a regiment of writers. The long-range historian has the advantage in weight, and launches his dignified verdict far from the battlefield. But the quick-firing journalist on the spot had victories of his own in the capture of perishable impressions, and a rich plunder of the conversation and comment which was borne upon last autumn's air.

Mrs. Creed was one of the mobile force of correspondents who landed early in Belgium. She practises what Pater called "the special and opportune art of the modern world," imaginative prose, and her present book exemplifies what Pater selected as two important facts in the life of that world, "the chaotic variety and complexity of its interests," and "an all-pervading naturalism, a curiosity about everything whatever as it really is." The reality with which she is satisfied does not emerge from reflection. It lies in the immediate and untempered statement of fact, with comments, brief in form and strange in grammar, so that the reader's ear is assaulted by exclamations loud as the explosions which they chronicle.

We need not follow Mrs. Creed's progress over the familiar ground of Aerschot and Louvain; her verdict echoes that of the Bryce Commission and the civilized world. One looks to her for emotions, not for history, and she preserves for us a record of her sensations at various moments

which must be crucial in the experience of every human being who has a right to stand on Belgian ground.

"One can never forget," she says, "one's first German. Never shall I forget that wounded Uhlan! One of his hands is shot off, his face is black with smoke and dirt and powder. He has been caught with the Red Cross on one arm, and a revolver in one pocket." Many pages later, with unpremeditated irony, as it seems, she writes: "My first sight of the German Army was just one man. He was a motor-cyclist dressed in grey, with his weapons slung across his back, and he flashed past us like lightning." In the Belgian capital she has seen "the German notices, pasted on the walls so continuously that Brussels was half-covered beneath these great black-and-white printed declarations, which, as they were always printed in three languages—German, French, and Flemish—took up an enormous amount of wall space." She has driven in overloaded wagonettes with a mixed company of professors and peasants, and heard the kind of conversational exchanges which had not passed in Europe for a hundred years:—

"So they killed the priest!"

"She hid for two days in the water-closet."

"She doesn't know what has happened to her five children."

"They were stood in a row, and every third one was fusillé."

"They found his body in the garden."

The present writer, living in "the London district," and surprised at the poverty of the emotions excited by the sound of bombs dropping upon nameless streets and guns firing from mysterious heights, was completely abashed by the richness of Mrs. Creed's reflections during a Zeppelin raid. Not for her the hasty refilling of the bath, the rush to the sand-bucket, the colloquies on the stairs with tremulous households in rainproof coats. For her the experience has a splendor:—

"It seemed to me that the supreme satisfaction of having at last dropped clear from all the make-believes of life, seized upon me, standing there in my night-gown in the pitch-black airless room at Antwerp, a woman quite alone among strangers with danger knocking at the gate of her world.

"Make-believe! Make-believe! All life up to this minute seemed nothing else but make-believe. For only Death seemed glorious.

"All this took me about two minutes to think. . . ."

The same fortunate illusions sustain her under shell-fire, for in such situations, as she assures us in her vigorous and untrained prose: "Your brain works in an entirely different way from when you are living safely in your peaceful Midlands."

The sinister figure of the spy recurs under many disguises in Mrs. Creed's adventures. He is a "fat, white-faced" hotel porter at Ghent, who at midnight declares that his hotel is full:—

"He was a brute of a porter, an extraordinary man, who never slept, and was on duty all night and all day.

"He was hand in glove with the Germans all the time, his face did not belie him, he looked the ugliest, stealthiest creature, showing a covert rudeness towards all English-speaking people, that many of us remember now and understand."

Have not we, too, at night in innocent English towns, scented a murderer in the man who denied us a bed?

The spy triumphant appears as the Germans enter Antwerp. "I see," cries Mrs. Creed, "two old men waving gaily to that long, grey oncoming line of men and horses. And then I see a woman flinging flowers to an officer, who catches them and sticks them into his horse's bridle."

Others drink deep with Germans in the restaurants, and appear in stolen uniforms of the "English Marines"; and suspicion falls even upon a friendly Dane, a young man with "red hair and an American accent," and his companion who makes the romantic confession that he comes from Northampton and is too fat to fight.

But readers must select for themselves from this vivid miscellany of travel; we have specially retained two impressions of the fall of Antwerp. There is the color of the conquerors: "They all wear pink roses, or carnations, in their coats, or have pink flowers wreathed about their horses' harness or round their gun-carriages and provision

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DEAR MADAM,—Just a few lines in acknowledgment of your parcel, which I received safely on June 22 last. I have been interned here since August 22, 1914, and you can guess what a treat it was to receive such a parcel from the Old Country. I am sure it must have cost you a great deal of trouble and worry to make up such splendid parcels. It seemed as though you knew exactly the things we need most, and I am sure your generosity to me—a perfect stranger as it were—will be a life-long remembrance. You may rest assured I and all my comrades here will be pleased when we can return home again. As you know, ten months is a long time to be parted from our wives and children, and those we hold dear; so we are looking forward with anxious hearts for that welcome word of peace. Again thanking you for your generosity to me, I beg to remain,

Yours faithfully,

I—T—

DEAR MADAM,—Just a line on behalf of my husband, a prisoner of war interned at R—. Thank you for the kindness you have shown in sending him parcels of food. I only wish I could send him more, but I have a little girl to keep and myself, and we are only allowed 9s. 6d. a week. I send him one when I can afford it. Well, dear friend, my husband wrote and asked me to thank you for what you have done for him. They are only allowed to write so often. Again I thank you, and hope you will have every success in life.

Yours truly,

J—B—

Numerous postcards expressing deep gratitude are being received daily, and afford ample proof that the parcels sent out have safely reached those for whom they were intended. At the moment our list contains 500 names, including:—

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RICA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

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HOME PROBLEMS AFTER THE WAR.

By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE.

INDIA'S SERVICES IN THE WAR.

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motors." There is the sound, all night long, of the dogs of the fugitive citizens, "howling within the barred doors of the empty houses."

AMONG MASTERPIECES.

"Poets and Puritans." By T. R. GLOVER. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. GLOVER's merit as a critic is that he holds criticism, in the sense of mere literary appreciation, to be of no very great account. He is a seeker rather than a judge, and in his quest for delight and illumination he postpones criticism to intimacy. "Wandering among books and enjoying them," he explains, "I find in a certain sense that, the more I enjoy them, the harder becomes the task of criticism, the less sure one's faith in critical canons, and the fewer the canons themselves." Unfettered by any such trammels, Mr. Glover's portraits of a group of the leading figures in English literature are colored more by what he thinks of them as teachers than as artists. He values them chiefly because of their capacity to take us into new regions and open up new avenues of experience. He does not, indeed, hesitate to give estimates of the purely literary merits of some of the works about which he writes, or even occasionally to discuss the craftsmanship of an author—his remarks on Bunyan's skill in dialogue, and his comparison between Cowper's letters and those of Lamb are excellent examples of this. But these things are subsidiary to his main purpose, and his book is more a collection of interpretations than of appreciations.

Spenser, Milton, Evelyn, Bunyan, Cowper, Boswell, Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle, are the nine writers of Mr. Glover's choice. There are two of these whom no stretching of terms can classify as either poets or puritans, but Mr. Glover observes, with more than a hint of irony, that any reader who has a conscience about the matter must omit the essays on Evelyn and Boswell. To do so would be to lose some of Mr. Glover's most readable pages. His account of Evelyn, in spite of a few signs of imperfect sympathy, is a convincing portrait. We are shown the England in which he grew up, "a blessed, a rich country," is Evelyn's description, "and one of the fortunate isles, and, for some things, preferred before other countries, for expert seamen, our laborious discoveries, art of navigation, true merchants," vexed, however, by "the devil that will never suffer the Church to be quiet and at rest . . . we have a mad, giddy company of precisians, schismatics, and some heretiques even in our bosoms in another extremum." We see him living through the triumph of the giddy company and rejoicing in its fall. He was not present at the execution of the regicides, but the sight of their bodies, "mangled, and cut, and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle," brings from him the exclamation: "Oh! the miraculous providence of God!" Yet his joy at the restoration of Church and King is tinged with occasional pity when he meets with dissenters who are dragged through the streets. "They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would conform, or be more wise and not be caught." And through all this unrest and upheaval in politics and religion, Evelyn lived with his books and pictures, holding his beliefs firmly but never obtruding them, a representative Englishman, differing in little but in opinion from a man like Colonel Hutchinson on the one hand, or Sir Thomas Browne on the other. For Mr. Glover he is the representative English gentleman of the period, with "the dignity, the sense of responsibility, the grave courtesy, and the limited outlook of his order"—representative in his descent from a family that made their money by trade, in his attachment to his country seat and his county, in his concern for the Church of England, his pleasure at being noticed by the King, and his refusal to accept a title:—

"He was well known in his day—a grave, upright, and godly man, with a good Englishman's concern for public morals, for his fellow-citizens' health and commercial prosperity, for the vindication of his country from the falsehoods of the foreigner, and a certain capacity for business when put to it—and at the same time a virtuoso, an inveterate and delightful dabbler in art and science and everything rare and curious—a friend of poets and

politicians, of bishops and kings, and secretary for a while of the Royal Society."

Boswell has at least this resemblance to Evelyn, that he, too, was neither a poet nor a puritan. This does not prevent Mr. Glover from writing about him in a proper spirit of appreciation. He has no patience with the shallow judgment that explains Boswell's greatness as a biographer as due to the fact that he was so egregious a fool. Boswell was ridiculous, says Mr. Glover, but he knew it, "for he too had a sense of humor." Over against his vanity and his vices, there have to be set kindness, good humor, devotion, and, above all, a frankness that made him overleap conventional caution. In this latter quality he resembled Goldsmith. Both men kept in reserve a fund of shrewd observation, and if their contemporaries laughed at them for being ridiculous, neither was so ridiculous as they thought.

Boswell's intrusion among the poets and puritans is welcome, if for no other reason because in writing about him Mr. Glover loses a note of austerity which is to be found in most of the other essays. It is seen in his treatment of Crabbe, whom he blames, not for writing on painful and depressing themes, but for failing to penetrate and master them, as Wordsworth did. Crabbe left them incomplete, and therefore unhealed, because his was a soft nature, and he is contrasted with the "happier poets, made of sterner stuff," who were able to pierce through crime and squalor, and, with the aid of imagination working upon memory, reach out to deeper truths. Even Crabbe's long rhyming couplets seem to Mr. Glover to suggest more misery than Burns's metres. At the same time, he recognizes that Crabbe, too, touches truth on one side:—

"We have to see it on both sides. We have to realize with Goldsmith, Burns and Wordsworth, the potential beauty—yes! the actual beauty of human nature under the worst conditions, man's faculty of achieving greatness and happiness amid the worst environment of pain and sin; and then we have to realize with Crabbe the pressure of that environment—to 'expose ourselves to feel what wretches feel'; if we are to know what man indeed is."

This last passage is typical of Mr. Glover's method. He reads, as we have said, for "illumination," and if he is mainly concerned with ethical illumination, his book is at least a useful corrective of much current criticism which appraises literature only in so far as it is pleasant to the eyes and good for food, but ignores its further use as a thing to be desired to make one wise.

A JOCKEY.

"Tod Sloan." By HIMSELF. Edited by A. DICK LUCKMAN. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

THE peculiar seat in the saddle which gave Tod Sloan his celebrity (and which, when imitated by other jockeys, changed the art of race-riding) was the inspiration, he tells us, of an accident. Until the year 1893 he was so distinguished a failure in America that trainers and owners stood aghast, and racing reporters guyed him. "They used to say," he remarks in his eminently candid way, "that if a man didn't want his horse to win he needn't have him pulled. All he had to do was to send for Sloan." Sloan's way with a horse, in everyone's opinion, would be handicap enough. Yet this was the youth who was presently to show that his way with a horse was little less than perfection.

He had a leg up at the Bay District Track, and on the journey to the post his mount bolted. In trying to pull him up the jockey was dragged on to the horse's neck—and all at once the horse began to stride better and freer! The "monkey seat" was discovered. It was, of course, the simple question of the proper distribution of weight on a thoroughbred. It was not, as used to be said, a matter of "riding short," i.e., with greatly shortened leathers. "I would repeat," observes Sloan, "that it was quite a false idea that I rode very short: that was left to those who followed me."

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own long-legged, lantern-jawed Archer, who in a neck-to-neck finish presented an almost terrifying aspect in the pigskin.

And Sloan can describe a race almost as well as he could ride one. The passage that follows, an account of his experiences on the late Mr. George Edwardes's Santoi in the Select Stakes at Newmarket, seems to us a revelation of the art of the racecourse in the hands of a genius:—

"The whole thing was nearly coming undone at the post: Santoi was impossible: he fiddled me about, and when the starter sent us off he stood right still, and the others were a hundred yards away before I could induce him to get a move on. There was nothing for it but to be patient and canter after them. He made up none of the leeway in the first furlongs, but after that things seemed brighter. I would take a pull at him"—Sloan, by the way, abhorred spurs—"and then he would pull away from me, and I let the reins slip through my fingers as if he had beaten me. I played nonsense with him, and he was tickled to death. Then he caught hold of his bit and began to act: he looked ahead of him and moved as if he would show me what he could do. I didn't need to bother him after that, for he thought he had me beaten and would teach me. We had made up about fifty yards, and there never was a horse to move as he did rising out of the dip. All those who had backed him thought he was beaten anyhow when they saw him left, but he came along like a steam-engine and won as he chose. It was one of the most extraordinary races imaginable, as anyone who saw it may remember."

It is very finely described, too. "I played nonsense with him, and he was tickled to death," seems to us the touch of a master. Had George Borrow been a jockey he could have told the story no better, and there is not a hint of brag in it; though Sloan's patience and self-control at the post, and his subsequent comedy with the reins, must have counted for a great deal more in the winning of the race than the tactics of Santoi himself.

This really great career on the turf, the most remarkable since Fred Archer's (and more remarkable than his, in that it was comprised in so brief a space), had a sudden and painful termination. After riding for three years in this country, earning thousands, and being (as he cordially owns) very foolishly spoiled and petted, Sloan was arraigned before the Stewards for betting, and since 1900 his licence to ride has been withheld. Sloan was never, in the phrase of the Jockey Club, "warned off." An owner, trainer, or jockey on whom this ban has fallen is forbidden to enter any enclosure on a racecourse under the Club's jurisdiction. Sloan may visit any race-meeting, and has been allowed to ride horses at exercise; but his professional career was broken in the hour that his licence was denied him. Meanwhile, he is doing good work with the Red Cross in France.

The Week in the City.

DURING the last few days the Stock Exchange has been disheartened by the new Balkan crisis, which threatens both to spread and to prolong the war. Money and discount rates have fallen a little, but the change is considered to be only temporary. The September trade returns show another big gap between imports and exports, and it may be noticed in this connection that according to figures just published at Washington exports from the United States for the year ended August 31st last passed for the first time the three billion dollar limit, and exceeded those of the previous twelve months by about 170 millions sterling. The hundred million loan has helped to steady the exchanges, but the over-

subscription was small, and does not promise well for a repetition. We shall have to rely upon our own resources, reduce consumption, and increase our exportable surplus if we are to maintain our financial stability.

TWO AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

The annual reports of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and the Denver and Rio Grande have come to hand this week. Both deal with the twelve months ended June 30th last, and both reports reflect the effects of commercial depression. Chicago Milwaukee's operating revenue was only slightly below that of the previous year, but expenses rose, in spite of certain economies, and interest and rent charges rose sharply. The dividend on the common stock was maintained at 5 per cent. for the year, but the sum carried forward to the current year was less by nearly \$7,000,000 than the sum brought into the year's accounts. The Denver Railroad's operating revenue fell off by over \$1,770,000, but economies in working expenses amounted to a saving of over \$2,000,000. Nevertheless, a further advance in fixed charges caused a reduction in the surplus. The company's burdensome capitalization is due largely to its ownership of the Western Pacific, which is really the Denver's Pacific extension. The Western Pacific has not yet become remunerative, and upon its ultimate development depends the future of the Denver and Rio Grande. The latter was obliged to default last March upon the interest on the Western Pacific First Mortgage Bonds. Denver is a non-dividend payer as regards its Common Stock, and the 5 per cent. Preference Stock has received no distribution since January, 1911. The resumption of payment on the latter is further postponed by the results of the present year. At the August distribution Chicago Milwaukee Common Stock received 4 per cent. in place of 5 per cent. in each of the three previous half-years. On this 4-per-cent. basis the stock yields about £4 16s. per cent.

INCOME-TAX DIVIDENDS.

A correspondent writes from Liverpool:—"In the course of your City Notes in this week's issue of THE NATION you state, under the heading of Dividends and Income-tax, 'that companies ending their financial year on December 31st next will deduct tax at the rate of 2s. 6½d. in the £. For the half-year ending December 31st and for the whole year ending March, 1916, the rate will be 3s. in the £. I presume the deduction of 2s. 6½d. referred to above is arrived at as follows:—

Three months at 1s. 8d. in the £,
Six months at 2s. 6d. in the £,
Three months at 3s. 6d. in the £,

equals an average of 2s. 6½d.

"This, however, is not in accordance with my reading of the instructions issued by the Inland Revenue Authorities, nor of your statement that the rate for the year ending March, 1916, will be 3s. in the £. I contend that the necessary deduction for the financial year ending December 31st, 1915, should be at the rate of 2s. 8d. in the £ (i.e., three months at 1s. 8d. and nine months at 3s. in the £), and in concerns where an interim dividend was paid on June 30th last the deduction for tax from the final dividend on December 31st should be at the rate of 3s. 3d. in the £ (i.e., 3s. in the £, plus 3d. arrears, 2s. 1d. having been deducted at June. This amount, together with the 2s. 1d. deducted in June, gives a flat rate of 2s. 8d. in the £ for the full year." I do not agree with my correspondent's reasoning, and would refer him to a circular issued recently by Messrs. F. C. Mathieson & Sons, where the matter is clearly set out.

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